





THE LIBRARY  
OF  
THE UNIVERSITY  
OF CALIFORNIA

BEQUEST  
OF  
ANITA D. S. BLAKE










From your ... 18th century ... 52

IDYLS OF THE KING.



Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2008 with funding from  
Microsoft Corporation



# IDYLS OF THE KING.

BY

ALFRED TENNYSON, D. C. L.,  
POET LAUREATE.

"Flos Regum Arthurus."

JOSEPH OF EXETER.

BOSTON:  
TICKNOR AND FIELDS.

M DCCC LIX.

AUTHOR'S EDITION.

University Press, Cambridge :  
Electrotyped and Printed by Welch, Bigelow, & Co.

## CONTENTS.

---

	PAGE
ENID . . . . .	7
VIVIEN . . . . .	89
ELAINE . . . . .	129
GUINEVERE . . . . .	195



ENID.



## E N I D .

THE brave Geraint, a knight of Arthur's court,  
A tributary prince of Devon, one  
Of that great order of the Table Round,  
Had wedded Enid, Yniol's only child,  
And loved her as he loved the light of Heaven.  
And as the light of Heaven varies, now  
At sunrise, now at sunset, now by night  
With moon and trembling stars, so loved Geraint  
To make her beauty vary day by day,  
In crimsons and in purples and in gems.  
And Enid, but to please her husband's eye,  
Who first had found and loved her in a state  
Of broken fortunes, daily fronted him  
In some fresh splendor ; and the Queen herself,  
Grateful to Prince Geraint for service done,  
Loved her, and often with her own white hands

Arrayed and decked her, as the loveliest,  
Next after her own self, in all the court.  
And Enid loved the Queen, and with true heart  
Adored her, as the stateliest and the best  
And loveliest of all women upon earth.  
And seeing them so tender and so close,  
Long in their common love rejoiced Geraint.  
But when a rumor rose about the Queen,  
Touching her guilty love for Lancelot,  
Though yet there lived no proof, nor yet was heard  
The world's loud whisper breaking into storm,  
Not less Geraint believed it ; and there fell  
A horror on him, lest his gentle wife,  
Through that great tenderness for Guinevere,  
Had suffered or should suffer any taint  
In nature : wherefore going to the king,  
He made this pretext, that his principedom lay  
Close on the borders of a territory,  
Wherein were bandit earls, and caitiff knights,  
Assassins, and all flyers from the hand  
Of Justice, and whatever loathes a law :  
And therefore, till the king himself should please  
To cleanse this common sewer of all his realm,  
He craved a fair permission to depart,  
And there defend his marches ; and the king



Mused for a little on his plea, but, last,  
Allowing it, the prince and Enid rode,  
And fifty knights rode with them, to the shores  
Of Severn, and they past to their own land ;  
Where, thinking, that if ever yet was wife  
True to her lord, mine shall be so to me,  
He compassed her with sweet observances  
And worship, never leaving her, and grew  
Forgetful of his promise to the king,  
Forgetful of the falcon and the hunt,  
Forgetful of the tilt and tournament,  
Forgetful of his glory and his name,  
Forgetful of his princedom and its cares.  
And this forgetfulness was hateful to her.  
And by and by the people, when they met  
In twos and threes, or fuller companies,  
Began to scoff and jeer and babble of him  
As of a prince whose manhood was all gone,  
And molten down in mere uxoriousness.  
And this she gathered from the people's eyes :  
This too the women who attired her head,  
To please her, dwelling on his boundless love,  
Told Enid, and they saddened her the more :  
And day by day she thought to tell Geraint,  
But could not out of bashful delicacy ;

While he that watched her sadden, was the more  
Suspicious, that her nature had a taint.

At last, it chanced that on a summer morn  
(They sleeping each by other) the new sun  
Beat through the blindless casement of the room,  
And heated the strong warrior in his dreams ;  
Who, moving, cast the coverlet aside,  
And bared the knotted column of his throat,  
The massive square of his heroic breast,  
And arms on which the standing muscle sloped,  
As slopes a wild brook o'er a little stone,  
Running too vehemently to break upon it.  
And Enid woke and sat beside the couch,  
Admiring him, and thought within herself,  
Was ever man so grandly made as he ?  
Then, like a shadow, past the people's talk  
And accusation of uxoriousness  
Across her mind, and bowing over him,  
Low to her own heart piteously she said :

“ O noble breast and all-puissant arms,  
Am I the cause, I the poor cause that men  
Reproach you, saying all your force is gone ?  
I *am* the cause because I dare not speak

And tell him what I think and what they say.  
 And yet I hate that he should linger here ;  
 I cannot love my lord and not his name.  
 Far liever had I gird his harness on him,  
 And ride with him to battle and stand by,  
 And watch his mightful hand striking great blows  
 At caitiffs and at wrongers of the world.  
 Far better were I laid in the dark earth,  
 Not hearing any more his noble voice,  
 Not to be folded more in these dear arms,  
 And darkened from the high light in his eyes,  
 Than that my lord through me should suffer shame.  
 Am I so bold, and could I so stand by,  
 And see my dear lord wounded in the strife,  
 Or may be pierced to death before mine eyes,  
 And yet not dare to tell him what I think,  
 And how men slur him, saying all his force  
 Is melted into mere effeminaey?  
 O me, I fear that I am no true wife."

Half inwardly, half audibly she spoke,  
 And the strong passion in her made her weep  
 True tears upon his broad and naked breast,  
 And these awoke him, and by great mischance  
 He heard but fragments of her later words,

And that she feared she was not a true wife.  
And then he thought, "In spite of all my care,  
For all my pains, poor man, for all my pains,  
She is not faithful to me, and I see her  
Weeping for some gay knight in Arthur's hall."  
Then though he loved and revered her too much  
To dream she could be guilty of foul act,  
Right through his manful breast darted the pang  
That makes a man, in the sweet face of her  
Whom he loves most, lonely and miserable.  
At this he snatched his great limbs from the bed,  
And shook his drowsy squire awake, and cried,  
"My charger and her palfrey," then to her :  
"I will ride forth into the wilderness ;  
For though it seems my spurs are yet to win,  
I have not fallen so low as some would wish.  
And you, put on your worst and meanest dress  
And ride with me." And Enid asked, amazed,  
"If Enid errs, let Enid learn her fault."  
But he, "I charge you, ask not, but obey."  
Then she bethought her of a faded silk,  
A faded mantle and a faded veil,  
And moving toward a cedarn cabinet,  
Wherein she kept them folded reverently  
With sprigs of summer laid between the folds.

She took them, and arrayed herself therein,  
Remembering when first he came on her  
Drest in that dress, and how he loved her in it,  
And all her foolish fears about the dress,  
And all his journey to her, as himself  
Had told her, and their coming to the court.

For Arthur on the Whitsuntide before  
Held court at old Caerleon upon Usk.  
There on a day, he sitting high in hall,  
Before him came a forester of Dean,  
Wet from the woods, with notice of a hart  
Taller than all his fellows, milky-white,  
First seen that day: these things he told the king.  
Then the good king gave order to let blow  
His horns for hunting on the morrow morn.  
And when the Queen petitioned for his leave  
To see the hunt, allowed it easily.  
So with the morning all the court were gone.  
But Guinevere lay late into the morn,  
Lost in sweet dreams, and dreaming of her love  
For Lancelot, and forgetful of the hunt;  
But rose at last, a single maiden with her,  
Took horse, and forded Usk, and gained the wood;  
There, on a little knoll beside it, stayed

Waiting to hear the hounds ; but heard instead  
A sudden sound of hoofs, for Prince Geraint,  
Late also, wearing neither hunting-dress  
Nor weapon, save a golden-hilted brand,  
Came quickly flashing through the shallow ford  
Behind them, and so galloped up the knoll.  
A purple scarf, at either end whereof  
There swung an apple of the purest gold,  
Swayed round about him, as he galloped up  
To join them, glancing like a dragon-fly  
In summer suit and silks of holiday.  
Low bowed the tributary Prince, and she,  
Sweetly and statelily, and with all grace  
Of womanhood and queenhood, answered him :  
“Late, late, Sir Prince,” she said, “later than we !”  
“Yea, noble Queen,” he answered, “and so late  
That I but come like you to see the hunt,  
Not join it.” “Therefore wait with me,” she said ;  
“For on this little knoll, if anywhere,  
There is good chance that we shall hear the hounds :  
Here often they break covert at our feet.”

And while they listened for the distant hunt,  
And chiefly for the baying of Cavall,  
King Arthur’s hound of deepest mouth, there rode

Full slowly by a knight, lady, and dwarf;  
Whereof the dwarf lagged latest, and the knight  
Had visor up, and showed a youthful face,  
Imperious, and of haughtiest lineaments.  
And Guinevere, not mindful of his face  
In the king's hall, desired his name, and sent  
Her maiden to demand it of the dwarf;  
Who being vicious, old and irritable,  
And doubling all his master's vice of pride,  
Made answer sharply that she should not know.  
"Then will I ask it of himself," she said.  
"Nay, by my faith, thou shalt not," cried the dwarf;  
"Thou art not worthy ev'n to speak of him";  
And when she put her horse toward the knight,  
Struck at her with his whip, and she returned  
Indignant to the Queen; at which Geraint  
Exclaimed, "Surely I will learn the name,"  
Made sharply to the dwarf, and asked it of him,  
Who answered as before; and when the Prince  
Had put his horse in motion toward the knight,  
Struck at him with his whip, and cut his cheek.  
The Prince's blood spirted upon the scarf,  
Dyeing it; and his quick, instinctive hand  
Caught at the hilt, as to abolish him:  
But he, from his exceeding manfulness

And pure nobility of temperament,  
Wroth to be wroth at such a worm, refrained  
From ev'n a word, and so returning said :

“I will avenge this insult, noble Queen,  
Done in your maiden's person to yourself :  
And I will track this vermin to their earths :  
For though I ride unarmed, I do not doubt  
To find, at some place I shall come at, arms  
On loan, or else for pledge ; and, being found,  
Then will I fight him, and will break his pride,  
And on the third day will again be here,  
So that I be not fallen in fight. Farewell.”

“Farewell, fair Prince,” answered the stately Queen.  
“Be prosperous in this journey, as in all ;  
And may you light on all things that you love,  
And live to wed with her whom first you love :  
But ere you wed with any, bring your bride,  
And I, were she the daughter of a king,  
Yea, though she were a beggar from the hedge,  
Will clothe her for her bridals like the sun.”

And Prince Geraint, now thinking that he heard  
The noble hart at bay, now the far horn,



A little vext at losing of the hunt,  
 A little at the vile occasion, rode,  
 By ups and downs, through many a glassy glade  
 And valley, with fixt eye following the three.  
 At last they issued from the world of wood,  
 And climbed upon a fair and even ridge,  
 And showed themselves against the sky, and sank.  
 And thither came Geraint, and underneath  
 Beheld the long street of a little town  
 In a long valley, on one side of which,  
 White from the mason's hand, a fortress rose ;  
 And on one side a castle in decay,  
 Beyond a bridge that spanned a dry ravine :  
 And out of town and valley came a noise  
 As of a broad brook o'er a shingly bed  
 Brawling, or like a clamor of the rooks  
 At distance, ere they settle for the night.

And onward to the fortress rode the three,  
 And entered, and were lost behind the walls.  
 "So," thought Geraint, "I have tracked him to his earth."  
 And down the long street riding wearily,  
 Found every hostel full, and everywhere  
 Was hammer laid to hoof, and the hot hiss  
 And bustling whistle of the youth who scoured

His master's armor ; and of such a one  
He asked, " What means the tumult in the town ? "  
Who told him, scouring still, " The sparrow-hawk ! "  
Then riding close behind an ancient churl,  
Who, smitten by the dusty sloping beam,  
Went sweating underneath a sack of corn,  
Asked yet once more what meant the hubbub here ?  
Who answered gruffly, " Ugh ! the sparrow-hawk."  
Then riding further past an armorer's,  
Who, with back turned, and bowed above his work,  
Sat riveting a helmet on his knee,  
He put the selfsame query, but the man,  
Not turning round, nor looking at him, said :  
" Friend, he that labors for the sparrow-hawk  
Has little time for idle questioners.'  
Whereat Geraint flashed into sudden spleen :  
" A thousand pips eat up your sparrow-hawk !  
Tits, wrens, and all winged nothings peek him dead !  
Ye think the rustic cackle of your bourg  
The murmur of the world ! What is it to me ?  
O wretched set of sparrows, one and all,  
Who pipe of nothing but of sparrow-hawks !  
Speak, if you be not like the rest, hawk-mad,  
Where can I get me harborage for the night ?  
And arms, arms, arms to fight my enemy ? Speak ! "

At this the armorer turning all amazed  
And seeing one so gay in purple silks,  
Came forward with the helmet yet in hand  
And answered, " Pardon me, O stranger knight ;  
We hold a tourney here to-morrow morn,  
And there is scanty time for half the work.  
Arms ? truth ! I know not : all are wanted here.  
Harborage ? truth, good truth, I know not, save,  
It may be, at Earl Yniol's, o'er the bridge  
Yonder." He spoke and fell to work again.

Then rode Geraint, a little spleenful yet,  
Across the bridge that spanned the dry ravine.  
There musing sat the hoary-headed Earl,  
(His dress a suit of frayed magnificence,  
Once fit for feasts of ceremony,) and said :  
" Whither, fair son ? " to whom Geraint replied,  
" O friend, I seek a harborage for the night."  
Then Yniol, " Enter therefore and partake  
The slender entertainment of a house  
Once rich, now poor, but ever open-doored."  
" Thanks, venerable friend," replied Geraint ;  
" So that you do not serve me sparrow-hawks  
For supper, I will enter, I will eat  
With all the passion of a twelve hours' fast."

Then sighed and smiled the hoary-headed Earl,  
And answered, "Graver cause than yours is mine  
To curse this hedgerow thief, the sparrow-hawk :  
But in, go in ; for save yourself desire it  
We will not touch upon him ev'n in jest."

Then rode Geraint into the castle court,  
His charger trampling many a prickly star  
Of sprouted thistle on the broken stones.  
He looked and saw that all was ruinous.  
Here stood a shattered archway plumed with fern ;  
And here had fallen a great part of a tower,  
Whole, like a crag that tumbles from the cliff,  
And like a crag was gay with wilding flowers :  
And high above a piece of turret stair,  
Worn by the feet that now were silent, wound  
Bare to the sun, and monstrous ivy-stems  
Claspt the gray walls with hairy-fibred arms,  
And sucked the joining of the stones, and looked  
A knot, beneath, of snakes, aloft, a grove.

And while he waited in the castle court,  
The voice of Enid, Yniol's daughter, rang  
Clear through the open casement of the Hall,  
Singing ; and as the sweet voice of a bird,

Heard by the lander in a lonely isle,  
Moves him to think what kind of bird it is  
That sings so delicately clear, and make  
Conjecture of the plumage and the form ;  
So the sweet voice of Enid moved Geraint ;  
And made him like a man abroad at morn  
When first the liquid note beloved of men  
Comes flying over many a windy wave  
To Britain, and in April suddenly  
Breaks from a coppice gemmed with green and red,  
And he suspends his converse with a friend,  
Or it may be the labor of his hands,  
To think or say, "There is the nightingale" ;  
So fared it with Geraint, who thought and said,  
"Here, by God's grace, is the one voice for me."

It chanced the song that Enid sang was one  
Of Fortune and her wheel, and Enid sang :

"Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel and lower the proud ;  
Turn thy wild wheel through sunshine, storm, and cloud ;  
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.

"Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel with smile or frown ;  
With that wild wheel we go not up or down ;  
Our hoard is little, but our hearts are great.

“Smile and we smile, the lords of many lands;  
Frown and we smile, the lords of our own hands;  
For man is man and master of his fate.

“Turn, turn thy wheel above the staring crowd;  
Thy wheel and thou are shadows in the cloud;  
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.”

“Hark, by the bird’s song you may learn the  
nest,”

Said Yniol; “Enter quickly.” Entering then,  
Right o’er a mount of new-fallen stones,  
The dusky-raftered, many-cobwebbed hall,  
He found an ancient dame in dim brocade;  
And near her, like a blossom vermeil-white,  
That lightly breaks a faded flower-sheath,  
Moved the fair Enid, all in faded silk,  
Her daughter. In a moment thought Geraint,  
“Here by God’s rood is the one maid for me.”  
But none spake word except the hoary Earl:  
“Enid, the good knight’s horse stands in the court;  
Take him to stall, and give him corn, and then  
Go to the town and buy us flesh and wine;  
And we will make us merry as we may.  
Our hoard is little, but our hearts are great.”

He spake : the Prince, as Enid past him, fain  
To follow, strode a stride, but Yniol caught  
His purple scarf, and held, and said, "Forbear!  
Rest! the good house, though ruined, O my Son,  
Endures not that her guest should serve himself."  
And reverencing the custom of the house,  
Geraint, from utter courtesy, forbore.

So Enid took his charger to the stall;  
And after went her way across the bridge,  
And reached the town, and while the Prince and Earl  
Yet spoke together, came again with one,  
A youth, that following with a costrel bore  
The means of goodly welcome, flesh and wine.  
And Enid brought sweet cakes to make them cheer,  
And in her veil enfolded, manchet bread.  
And then, because their hall must also serve  
For kitchen, boiled the flesh, and spread the board,  
And stood behind, and waited on the three.  
And seeing her so sweet and serviceable,  
Geraint had longing in him evermore  
To stoop and kiss the tender little thumb,  
That crost the trencher as she laid it down :  
But after all had eaten, then Geraint,  
For now the wine made summer in his veins,

Let his eye rove in following, or rest  
On Enid at her lowly handmaid-work,  
Now here, now there, about the dusky hall ;  
Then suddenly address the hoary Earl :

“Fair Host and Earl, I pray your courtesy ;  
This sparrow-hawk, what is he, tell me of him.  
His name? but no, good faith, I will not have it :  
For if he be the knight whom late I saw  
Ride into that new fortress by your town,  
White from the mason’s hand, then have I sworn  
From his own lips to have it — I am Geraint  
Of Devon — for this morning when the Queen  
Sent her own maiden to demand the name,  
His dwarf, a vicious under-shapen thing,  
Struck at her with his whip, and she returned  
Indignant to the Queen ; and then I swore  
That I would track this caitiff to his hold,  
And fight and break his pride, and have it of him.  
And all unarmed I rode, and thought to find  
Arms in your town, where all the men are mad ;  
They take the rustie murmur of their bourg  
For the great wave that echoes round the world ;  
They would not hear me speak : but if you know  
Where I can light on arms, or if yourself



Should have them, tell me, seeing I have sworn  
That I will break his pride and learn his name,  
Avenging this great insult done the Queen."

Then cried Earl Yniol. "Art thou he indeed,  
Geraint, a name far-sounded among men  
For noble deeds? and truly I, when first  
I saw you moving by me on the bridge,  
Felt you were somewhat, yea and by your state  
And presence might have guessed you one of those  
That eat in Arthur's hall at Camelot.  
Nor speak I now from foolish flattery;  
For this dear child hath often heard me praise  
Your feats of arms, and often when I paused  
Hath asked again, and ever loved to hear;  
So grateful is the noise of noble deeds  
To noble hearts who see but acts of wrong:  
O never yet had woman such a pair  
Of suitors as this maiden; first Limours,  
A creature wholly given to brawls and wine,  
Drunk even when he wooed; and be he dead  
I know not, but he past to the wild land.  
The second was your foe, the sparrow-hawk,  
My curse, my nephew — I will not let his name  
Slip from my lips if I can help it — he,

When I that knew him fierce and turbulent  
Refused her to him, then his pride awoke ;  
And since the proud man often is the mean,  
He sowed a slander in the common ear,  
Affirming that his father left him gold,  
And in my charge, which was not rendered to him ;  
Bribed with large promises the men who served  
About my person, the more easily  
Because my means were somewhat broken into  
Through open doors and hospitality ;  
Raised my own town against me in the night  
Before my Enid's birthday, sacked my house ;  
From mine own earldom foully ousted me ;  
Built that new fort to overawe my friends,  
For truly there are those who love me yet ;  
And keeps me in this ruinous castle here,  
Where doubtless he would put me soon to death  
But that his pride too much despises me :  
And I myself sometimes despise myself ;  
For I have let men be, and have their way ;  
Am much too gentle, have not used my power :  
Nor know I whether I be very base  
Or very mauful, whether very wise  
Or very foolish ; only this I know,  
That whatsoever evil happen to me,

I seem to suffer nothing heart or limb,  
But can endure it all most patiently."

"Well said, true heart," replied Geraint, "but arms :  
That if, as I suppose, your nephew fights  
In next day's tourney, I may break his pride."

And Yniol answered, "Arms, indeed, but old  
And rusty, old and rusty, Prince Geraint,  
Are mine, and therefore at your asking, yours.  
But in this tournament can no man tilt,  
Except the lady he loves best be there.  
Two forks are fixt into the meadow ground,  
And over these is laid a silver wand,  
And over that is placed the sparrow-hawk,  
The prize of beauty for the fairest there.  
And this, what knight soever be in field  
Lays claim to for the lady at his side,  
And tilts with my good nephew thereupon,  
Who being apt at arms and big of bone  
Has ever won it for the lady with him,  
And toppling over all antagonism  
Has earned himself the name of sparrow-hawk.  
But you, that have no lady, cannot fight."

To whom Geraint with eyes all bright replied,  
Leaning a little toward him, "Your leave !  
Let *me* lay lance in rest, O noble host,  
For this dear child, because I never saw,  
Though having seen all beauties of our time,  
Nor can see elsewhere, anything so fair.  
And if I fall, her name will yet remain  
Untarnished as before ; but if I live,  
So aid me Heaven when at mine uttermost,  
As I will make her truly my true wife."

Then, howsoever patient, Yniol's heart  
Danced in his bosom, seeing better days.  
And looking round he saw not Enid there,  
(Who, hearing her own name, had slipt away,)  
But that old dame, to whom full tenderly,  
And fondling all her hand in his, he said,  
"Mother, a maiden is a tender thing,  
And best by her that bore her understood.  
Go thou to rest, but ere thou go to rest  
Tell her, and prove her heart toward the Prince."

• So spake the kindly-hearted Earl, and she  
With frequent smile and nod departing found,  
Half disarrayed as to her rest, the girl ;

Whom first she kissed on either cheek, and then  
On either shining shoulder laid a hand,  
And kept her off and gazed upon her face,  
And told her all their converse in the hall,  
Proving her heart : but never light and shade  
Coursed one another more on open ground  
Beneath a troubled heaven, than red and pale  
Across the face of Enid hearing her ;  
While slowly falling as a scale that falls,  
When weight is added only grain by grain,  
Sank her sweet head upon her gentle breast ;  
Nor did she lift an eye nor speak a word,  
Rapt in the fear and in the wonder of it ;  
So moving without answer to her rest  
She found no rest, and ever failed to draw  
The quiet night into her blood, but lay  
Contemplating her own unworthiness ;  
And when the pale and bloodless east began  
To quicken to the sun, arose, and raised  
Her mother too, and hand in hand they moved  
Down to the meadow where the jousts were held,  
And waited there for Yniol and Geraint.

And thither came the twain, and when Geraint  
Beheld her first in field, awaiting him,

He felt, were she the prize of bodily force,  
Himself beyond the rest pushing could move  
The chair of Idris. Yniol's rusted arms  
Were on his princely person, but through these  
Princelike his bearing shone ; and errant knights  
And ladies came, and by and by the town  
Flowed in, and settling circled all the lists.  
And there they fixt the forks into the ground,  
And over these they placed a silver wand,  
And over that a golden sparrow-hawk.  
Then Yniol's nephew, after trumpet blown,  
Spake to the lady with him and proclaimed,  
"Advance and take as fairest of the fair,  
For I these two years past have won it for thee,  
The prize of beauty." Loudly spake the Prince,  
"Forbear : there is a worthier," and the knight  
With some surprise and thrice as much disdain  
Turned, and beheld the four, and all his face  
Glowed like the heart of a great fire at Yule,  
So burnt he was with passion, crying out,  
"Do battle for it then," no more ; and thrice  
They clashed together, and thrice they brake their spears.  
Then each, dishorsed and drawing, lashed at each  
So often and with such blows, that all the crowd  
Wondered, and now and then from distant walls

There came a clapping as of phantom hands.  
So twice they fought, and twice they breathed, and still  
The dew of their great labor, and the blood  
Of their strong bodies, flowing, drained their force.  
But either's force was matched till Yniol's cry,  
"Remember that great insult done the Queen,"  
Increased Geraint's, who heaved his blade aloft,  
And cracked the helmet through, and bit the bone,  
And felled him, and set foot upon his breast,  
And said, "Thy name?" To whom the fallen man  
Made answer, groaning, "Edyrn, son of Nudd!  
Ashamed am I that I should tell it thee.  
My pride is broken: men have seen my fall."  
"Then, Edyrn, son of Nudd," replied Geraint,  
"These two things shalt thou do, or else thou diest.  
First, thou thyself, thy lady, and thy dwarf,  
Shalt ride to Arthur's court, and being there,  
Crave pardon for that insult done the Queen,  
And shalt abide her judgment on it; next,  
Thou shalt give back their earldom to thy kin.  
These two things shalt thou do, or thou shalt die."  
And Edyrn answered, "These things will I do,  
For I have never yet been overthrown,  
And thou hast overthrown me, and my pride  
Is broken down, for Enid sees my fall!"

And rising up, he rode to Arthur's court,  
And there the Queen forgave him easily.  
And being young, he changed himself, and grew  
To hate the sin that seemed so like his own  
Of Modred, Arthur's nephew, and fell at last  
In the great battle fighting for the king.

But when the third day from the hunting-morn  
Made a low splendor in the world, and wings  
Moved in her ivy, Enid, for she lay  
With her fair head in the dim-yellow light,  
Among the dancing shadows of the birds,  
Woke and bethought her of her promise given  
No later than last eve to Prince Geraint —  
So bent he seemed on going the third day,  
He would not leave her, till her promise given —  
To ride with him this morning to the court,  
And there be made known to the stately Queen,  
And there be wedded with all ceremony.  
At this she cast her eyes upon her dress,  
And thought it never yet had looked so mean.  
For as a leaf in mid-November is  
To what it was in mid-October, seemed  
The dress that now she looked on to the dress  
She looked on ere the coming of Geraint.



And still she looked, and still the terror grew  
Of that strange bright and dreadful thing, a court,  
All staring at her in her faded silk :  
And softly to her own sweet heart she said :

“ This noble prince who won our earldom back,  
So splendid in his acts and his attire,  
Sweet Heaven, how much I shall discredit him !  
Would he could tarry with us here awhile !  
But being so beholden to the Prince,  
It were but little grace in any of us,  
Bent as he seemed on going this third day,  
To seek a second favor at his hands.  
Yet if he could but tarry a day or two,  
Myself would work eye dim, and finger lame,  
Far liefer than so much discredit him.”

And Enid fell in longing for a dress  
All branched and flowered with gold, a costly gift  
Of her good mother, given her on the night  
Before her birthday, three sad years ago,  
That night of fire, when Edyrn sacked their house,  
And scattered all they had to all the winds :  
For while the mother showed it, and the two  
Were turning and admiring it, the work

To both appeared so costly, rose a cry  
That Edyrn's men were on them, and they fled  
With little save the jewels they had on,  
Which being sold and sold had bought them bread ;  
And Edyrn's men had caught them in their flight,  
And placed them in this ruin ; and she wished  
The Prince had found her in her ancient home ;  
Then let her fancy flit across the past,  
And roam the goodly places that she knew ;  
And last bethought her how she used to watch,  
Near that old home, a pool of golden carp ;  
And one was patched and blurred and lustreless  
Among his burnished brethren of the pool ;  
And half asleep she made comparison  
Of that and these to her own faded self  
And the gay court, and fell asleep again ;  
And dreamt herself was such a faded form  
Among her burnished sisters of the pool ;  
But this was in the garden of a king ;  
And though she lay dark in the pool, she knew  
That all was bright, that all about were birds  
Of sunny plume in gilded trellis-work ;  
That all the turf was rich in plots that looked  
Each like a garnet or a turkis in it ;  
And lords and ladies of the high court went

In silver tissue talking things of state ;  
And children of the king in cloth of gold  
Glanced at the doors or gambolled down the walks ;  
And while she thought "they will not see me," came  
A stately queen whose name was Guinevere,  
And all the children in their cloth of gold  
Ran to her, crying, "If we have fish at all,  
Let them be gold ; and charge the gardeners now  
To pick the faded creature from the pool,  
And cast it on the mixen that it die."  
And therewithal one came and seized on her,  
And Enid started waking, with her heart  
All overshadowed by the foolish dream,  
And lo ! it was her mother grasping her  
To get her well awake ; and in her hand  
A suit of bright apparel, which she laid  
Flat on the couch, and spoke exultingly :

"See here, my child, how fresh the colors look,  
How fast they hold, like colors of a shell  
That keeps the wear and polish of the wave.  
Why not ? it never yet was worn, I trow :  
Look on it, child, and tell me if you know it."

And Enid looked, but all confused at first,

Could scarce divide it from her foolish dream :  
Then suddenly she knew it and rejoiced,  
And answered, "Yea, I know it ; your good gift,  
So sadly lost on that unhappy night ;  
Your own good gift !" "Yea, surely," said the dame,  
"And gladly given again this happy morn.  
For when the jousts were ended yesterday,  
Went Yniol through the town, and everywhere  
He found the sack and plunder of our house  
All scattered through the houses of the town :  
And gave command that all which once was ours,  
Should now be ours again ; and yester-eve,  
While you were talking sweetly with your Prince,  
Came one with this and laid it in my hand,  
For love or fear, or seeking favor of us,  
Because we have our earldom back again.  
And yester-eve I would not tell you of it,  
But kept it for a sweet surprise at morn.  
Yea, truly is it not a sweet surprise ?  
For I myself unwillingly have worn  
My faded suit, as you, my child, have yours,  
And, howsoever patient, Yniol his.  
Ah, dear, he took me from a goodly house,  
With store of rich apparel, sumptuous fare,  
And page, and maid, and squire, and seneschal,

And pastime both of hawk and hound, and all  
That appertains to noble maintenance.  
Yea, and he brought me to a goodly house ;  
But since our fortune slipt from sun to shade,  
And all through that young traitor, cruel need  
Constrained us, but a better time has come ;  
So clothe yourself in this, that better fits  
Our mended fortunes and a Prince's bride :  
For though you won the prize of fairest fair,  
And though I heard him call you fairest fair,  
Let never maiden think, however fair,  
She is not fairer in new clothes than old.  
And should some great court-lady say, the Prince  
Hath picked a ragged-robin from the hedge,  
And like a madman brought her to the court,  
Then were you shamed, and, worse, might shame the  
    Prince  
To whom we are beholden ; but I know,  
When my dear child is set forth at her best,  
That neither court nor country, though they sought  
Through all the provinces like those of old  
That lighted on Queen Esther, has her match."

Here ceased the kindly mother out of breath ;  
And Enid listened brightening as she lay ;

Then, as the white and glittering star of morn  
Parts from a bank of snow, and by and by  
Slips into golden cloud, the maiden rose,  
And left her maiden couch, and robed herself,  
Helped by the mother's careful hand and eye,  
Without a mirror, in the gorgeous gown ;  
Who, after, turned her daughter round, and said,  
She never yet had seen her half so fair ;  
And called her like that maiden in the tale,  
Whom Gwydion made by glamour out of flowers,  
And sweeter than the bride of Cassivelaun,  
Flur, for whose love the Roman Cæsar first  
Invaded Britain, but we beat him back,  
As this great prince invaded us, and we,  
Not beat him back, but welcomed him with joy.  
“ And I can scarcely ride with you to court,  
For old am I, and rough the ways and wild ;  
But Yniol goes, and I full oft shall dream  
I see my princess as I see her now,  
Clothed with my gift, and gay among the gay.”

But while the women thus rejoiced, Geraint  
Woke where he slept in the high hall, and called  
For Enid, and when Yniol made report  
Of that good mother making Enid gay

In such apparel as might well beseem  
His princess, or indeed the stately Queen,  
He answered : “ Earl, entreat her by my love,  
Albeit I give no reason but my wish,  
That she ride with me in her faded silk.”  
Yniol with that hard message went ; it fell,  
Like flaws in summer laying lusty corn :  
For Enid, all abashed she knew not why,  
Dared not to glance at her good mother’s face,  
But silently, in all obedience,  
Her mother silent too, nor helping her,  
Laid from her limbs the costly-broidered gift,  
And robed them in her ancient suit again,  
And so descended. Never man rejoiced  
More than Geraint to greet her thus attired ;  
And glancing all at once as keenly at her,  
As careful robins eye the delver’s toil,  
Made her cheek burn and either eyelid fall,  
But rested with her sweet face satisfied ;  
Then seeing cloud upon the mother’s brow,  
Her by both hands he caught, and sweetly said :

“ O my new mother, be not wroth or grieved  
At your new son, for my petition to her.

When late I left Caerleon, our great Queen,  
In words whose echo lasts, they were so sweet,  
Made promise, that whatever bride I brought,  
Herself would clothe her like the sun in Heaven.  
Thereafter, when I reached this ruined hold,  
Beholding one so bright in dark estate,  
I vowed that could I gain her, our kind Queen,  
No hand but hers, should make your Enid burst  
Sunlike from cloud — and likewise thought, perhaps,  
That service done so graciously would bind  
The two together ; for I wish the two  
To love each other: how should Enid find  
A nobler friend? Another thought I had ;  
I came among you here so suddenly,  
That though her gentle presence at the lists  
Might well have served for proof that I was loved,  
I doubted whether filial tenderness,  
Or easy nature, did not let itself  
Be moulded by your wishes for her weal ;  
Or whether some false sense in her own self  
Of my contrasting brightness, overbore  
Her fancy dwelling in this dusky hall ;  
And such a sense might make her long for court  
And all its dangerous glories : and I thought,



That could I some way prove such force in her  
Linked with such love for me, that at a word  
(No reason given her) she could cast aside  
A splendor dear to women, new to her,  
And therefore dearer ; or if not so new,  
Yet therefore tenfold dearer by the power  
Of intermitted custom ; then I felt  
That I could rest, a rock in ebbs and flows,  
Fixt on her faith. Now, therefore, I do rest,  
A prophet certain of my prophecy,  
That never shadow of mistrust can cross  
Between us. Grant me pardon for my thoughts :  
And for my strange petition I will make  
Amends hereafter by some gaudy-day,  
When your fair child shall wear your costly gift  
Beside your own warm hearth, with, on her knees,  
Who knows ? another gift of the high God,  
Which, may be, shall have learned to lisp you thanks."

He spoke : the mother smiled, but half in tears,  
Then brought a mantle down and wrapt her in it,  
And claspt and kissed her, and they rode away.

Now thrice that morning Guinevere had climbed

The giant tower, from whose high crest they say  
Men saw the goodly hills of Somerset,  
And white sails flying on the yellow sea;  
But not to goodly hill or yellow sea  
Looked the fair Queen, but up the vale of Usk,  
By the flat meadow, till she saw them come;  
And then descending met them at the gates,  
Embraced her with all welcome as a friend,  
And did her honor as the Prince's bride,  
And clothed her for her bridals like the sun;  
And all that week was old Caerleon gay,  
For by the hands of Dubric, the high saint,  
They twain were wedded with all ceremony.

And this was on the last year's Whitsuntide.  
But Enid ever kept the faded silk,  
Remembering how first he came on her,  
Drest in that dress, and how he loved her in it,  
And all her foolish fears about the dress,  
And all his journey toward her, as himself  
Had told her, and their coming to the court.

And now this morning when he said to her,  
"Put on your worst and meanest dress," she found  
And took it, and arrayed herself therein.

O purblind race of miserable men,  
How many among us at this very hour  
Do forge a life-long trouble for ourselves,  
By taking true for false, or false for true ;  
Here, through the feeble twilight of this world  
Groping, how many, until we pass and reach  
That other, where we see as we are seen !

So fared it with Geraint, who issuing forth  
That morning, when they had both got to horse,  
Perhaps because he loved her passionately,  
And felt that tempest brooding round his heart,  
Which, if he spoke at all, would break perforce  
Upon a head so dear in thunder, said :  
“ Not at my side ! I charge you ride before,  
Ever a good way on before ; and this  
I charge you, on your duty as a wife,  
Whatever happens, not to speak to me,  
No, not a word ! ” and Enid was aghast ;  
And forth they rode, but scarce three paces on,  
When crying out, “ Effeminate as I am,  
I will not fight my way with gilded arms,  
All shall be iron ” ; he loosed a mighty purse,  
Hung at his belt, and hurled it toward the squire.

So the last sight that Enid had of home  
Was all the marble threshold flashing, strown  
With gold and scattered coinage, and the squire  
Chafing his shoulder : then he cried again,  
“To the wilds !” and Enid leading down the tracks  
Through which he bade her lead him on, they past  
The marches, and by bandit-haunted holds,  
Gray swamps and pools, waste places of the hern,  
And wildernesses, perilous paths, they rode :  
Round was their pace at first, but slackened soon :  
A stranger meeting them had surely thought,  
They rode so slowly and they looked so pale,  
That each had suffered some exceeding wrong.  
For he was ever saying to himself,  
“O, I that wasted time to tend upon her,  
To compass her with sweet observances,  
To dress her beautifully and keep her true” —  
And there he broke the sentence in his heart  
Abruptly, as a man upon his tongue  
May break it, when his passion masters him.  
And she was ever praying the sweet heavens  
To save her dear lord whole from any wound.  
And ever in her mind she cast about  
For that unnoticed failing in herself,

Which made him look so cloudy and so cold ;  
Till the great plover's human whistle amazed  
Her heart, and glancing round the waste she feared  
In every wavering brake an ambuscade.  
Then thought again, " If there be such in me,  
I might amend it by the grace of Heaven,  
If he would only speak and tell me of it."

But when the fourth part of the day was gone,  
Then Enid was aware of three tall knights  
On horseback, wholly armed, behind a rock  
In shadow, waiting for them, caitiffs all ;  
And heard one crying to his fellow, " Look,  
Here comes a laggard hanging down his head,  
Who seems no bolder than a beaten hound ;  
Come, we will slay him and will have his horse  
And armor, and his damsel shall be ours."

Then Enid pondered in her heart, and said :  
" I will go back a little to my lord,  
And I will tell him all their caitiff talk ;  
For, be he wroth even to slaying me,  
Far liever by his dear hand had I die,  
Than that my lord should suffer loss or shame."

Then she went back some paces of return,  
Met his full frown timidly firm, and said:  
“My lord, I saw three bandits by the rock  
Waiting to fall on you, and heard them boast  
That they would slay you, and possess your horse  
And armor, and your damsel should be theirs.”

He made a wrathful answer. “Did I wish  
Your silence or your warning? one command  
I laid upon you, not to speak to me,  
And thus you keep it! Well then, look — for now,  
Whether you wish me victory or defeat,  
Long for my life, or hunger for my death,  
Yourself shall see my vigor is not lost.”

Then Enid waited pale and sorrowful,  
And down upon him bare the bandit three.  
And at the midmost charging, Prince Geraint  
Drove the long spear a cubit through his breast  
And out beyond; and then against his brace  
Of comrades, each of whom had broken on him  
A lance that splintered like an icicle,  
Swung from his brand a windy buffet out  
Once, twice, to right, to left, and stunned the twain

Or slew them, and dismounting like a man  
That skins the wild beast after slaying him,  
Stript from the three dead wolves of woman born  
The three gay suits of armor which they wore,  
And let the bodies lie, but bound the suits  
Of armor on their horses, each on each,  
And tied the bridle-reins of all the three  
Together, and said to her, "Drive them on  
Before you"; and she drove them through the waste.

He followed nearer : ruth began to work  
Against his anger in him, while he watched  
The being he loved best in all the world,  
With difficulty in mild obedience  
Driving them on : he fain had spoken to her,  
And loosed in words of sudden fire the wrath  
And smouldered wrong that burnt him all within ;  
But evermore it seemed an easier thing  
At once without remorse to strike her dead,  
Than to cry "Halt," and to her own bright face  
Accuse her of the least immodesty :  
And thus tongue-tied, it made him wroth the more  
That she *could* speak whom his own ear had heard  
Call herself false : and suffering thus he made

Minutes an age : but in scarce longer time  
Than at Caerleon the full-tided Usk,  
Before he turn to fall seaward again,  
Pauses, did Enid, keeping watch, behold  
In the first shallow shade of a deep wood,  
Before a gloom of stubborn-shafted oaks,  
Three other horsemen waiting, wholly armed,  
Whereof one seemed far larger than her lord,  
And shook her pulses, crying, " Look, a prize !  
Three horses and three goodly suits of arms,  
And all in charge of whom ? a girl : set on."  
" Nay," said the second, " yonder comes a knight."  
The third, " A craven ; how he hangs his head."  
The giant answered merrily, " Yea, but one ?  
Wait here, and when he passes fall upon him."

And Enid pondered in her heart and said,  
" I will abide the coming of my lord,  
And I will tell him all their villany.  
My lord is weary with the fight before,  
And they will fall upon him unawares.  
I needs must disobey him for his good ;  
How should I dare obey him to his harm ?  
Needs must I speak, and though he kill me for it,  
I save a life dearer to me than mine."



And she abode his coming, and said to him  
With timid firmness, "Have I leave to speak?"  
He said, "You take it, speaking," and she spoke.

"There lurk three villains yonder in the wood,  
And each of them is wholly armed, and one  
Is larger-limbed than you are, and they say  
That they will fall upon you while you pass."

To which he flung a wrathful answer back :  
"And if there were an hundred in the wood,  
And every man were larger-limbed than I,  
And all at once should sally out upon me,  
I swear it would not ruffle me so much  
As you that not obey me. Stand aside,  
And if I fall, cleave to the better man."

And Enid stood aside to wait the event,  
Not dare to watch the combat, only breathe  
Short fits of prayer, at every stroke a breath.  
And he, she dreaded most, bare down upon him.  
Aimed at the helm, his lance erred ; but Geraint's,  
A little in the late encounter strained,  
Struck through the bulky bandit's corselet home,

And then brake short, and down his enemy rolled,  
And there lay still; as he that tells the tale,  
Saw once a great piece of a promontory,  
That had a sapling growing on it, slip  
From the long shore-cliff's windy walls to the beach,  
And there lie still, and yet the sapling grew :  
So lay the man transfixt. His craven pair  
Of comrades, making slower at the Prince,  
When now they saw their bulwark fallen, stood;  
On whom the victor, to confound them more,  
Spurred with his terrible war-cry; for as one,  
That listens near a torrent mountain-brook,  
All through the crash of the near cataract hears  
The drumming thunder of the huger fall  
At distance, were the soldiers wont to hear  
His voice in battle, and be kindled by it,  
And foemen scared, like that false pair who turned  
Flying, but, overtaken, died the death  
Themselves had wrought on many an innocent.

Thereon Geraint, dismounting, picked the lance  
That pleased him best, and drew from those dead wolves  
Their three gay suits of armor, each from each,  
And bound them on their horses, each on each,

And tied the bridle-reins of all the three  
Together, and said to her, "Drive them on  
Before you"; and she drove them through the wood.

He followed nearer still: the pain she had  
To keep them in the wild ways of the wood,  
Two sets of three laden with jingling arms,  
Together, served a little to disedge  
The sharpness of that pain about her heart:  
And they themselves, like creatures gently born  
But into bad hands fallen, and now so long  
By bandits groomed, pricked their light ears, and felt  
Her low firm voice and tender government.

So through the green gloom of the wood they past,  
And issuing under open heavens beheld  
A little town with towers, upon a rock,  
And close beneath, a meadow gemlike chased  
In the brown wild, and mowers mowing in it:  
And down a rocky pathway from the place  
There came a fair-haired youth, that in his hand  
Bare victual for the mowers: and Geraint  
Had ruth again on Enid looking pale:  
Then, moving downward to the meadow ground,

He, when the fair-haired youth came by him, said,  
“Friend, let her eat ; the damsel is so faint.”  
“Yea, willingly,” replied the youth ; “and you,  
My lord, eat also, though the fare is coarse,  
And only meet for mowers ” ; then set down  
His basket, and dismounting on the sward  
They let the horses graze, and ate themselves.  
And Enid took a little delicately,  
Less having a stomach for it than desire  
To close with her lord’s pleasure ; but Geraint  
Ate all the mowers’ victual unawares,  
And when he found all empty, was amazed ;  
And “Boy,” said he, “I have eaten all, but take  
A horse and arms for guerdon ; choose the best.”  
He, reddening in extremity of delight,  
“My lord, you overpay me fifty-fold.”  
“You will be all the wealthier,” cried the Prince.  
“I take it as free gift, then,” said the boy,  
“Not guerdon ; for myself can easily,  
While your good damsel rests, return, and fetch  
Fresh victual for these mowers of our Earl ;  
For these are his, and all the field is his,  
And I myself am his ; and I will tell him  
How great a man you are : he loves to know

When men of mark are in his territory :  
And he will have you to his palace here,  
And serve you costlier than with mowers' fare."

Then said Geraint, "I wish no better fare :  
I never ate with angrier appetite  
Than when I left your mowers dinnerless.  
And into no Earl's palace will I go.  
I know, God knows, too much of palaces !  
And if he want me, let him come to me.  
But hire us some fair chamber for the night,  
And stalling for the horses, and return  
With victual for these men, and let us know."

"Yea, my kind lord," said the glad youth, and went,  
Held his head high, and thought himself a knight,  
And up the rocky pathway disappeared,  
Leading the horse; and they were left alone.

But when the Prince had brought his errant eyes  
Home from the rock, sideways he let them glance  
At Enid, where she droopt : his own false doom,  
That shadow of mistrust should never cross  
Betwixt them, came upon him, and he sighed ;

Then with another humorous ruth remarked  
The lusty mowers laboring dinnerless,  
And watched the sun blaze on the turning scythe,  
And after nodded sleepily in the heat.  
But she, remembering her old ruined hall,  
And all the windy clamor of the daws  
About her hollow turret, plucked the grass  
There growing longest by the meadow's edge,  
And into many a listless annulet,  
Now over, now beneath her marriage ring,  
Wove and unwove it, till the boy returned  
And told them of a chamber, and they went ;  
Where, after saying to her, " If you will,  
Call for the woman of the house," to which  
She answered, " Thanks, my lord," the two remained  
Apart by all the chamber's width, and mute  
As creatures voiceless through the fault of birth,  
Or two wild men supporters of a shield,  
Painted, who stare at open space, nor glance  
The one at other, parted by the shield.

On a sudden, many a voice along the street,  
And heel against the pavement echoing, burst  
Their drowse ; and either started while the door,

Pushed from without, drave backward to the wall,  
And midmost of a rout of roisterers,  
Femininely fair and dissolutely pale,  
Her suitor in old years before Geraint,  
Entered, the wild lord of the place, Limours.  
He moving up with pliant courtliness,  
Greeted Geraint full face, but stealthily,  
In the mid-warmth of welcome and graspt hand,  
Found Enid with the corner of his eye,  
And knew her sitting sad and solitary.  
Then cried Geraint for wine and goodly cheer  
To feed the sudden guest, and sumptuously  
According to his fashion, bade the host  
Call in what men soever were his friends,  
And feast with these in honor of their earl;  
“And care not for the cost; the cost is mine.”

And wine and food were brought, and Earl Limours  
Drank till he jested with all ease, and told  
Free tales, and took the word and played upon it,  
And made it of two colors; for his talk,  
When wine and free companions kindled him,  
Was wont to glance and sparkle like a gem  
Of fifty facets; thus he moved the Prince

To laughter and his comrades to applause.  
Then, when the Prince was merry, asked Limours,  
“Your leave, my lord, to cross the room, and speak  
To your good damsel there who sits apart,  
And seems so lonely?” “My free leave,” he said;  
“Get her to speak: she does not speak to me.”  
Then rose Limours and looking at his feet,  
Like him who tries the bridge he fears may fail,  
Crost and came near, lifted adoring eyes,  
Bowed at her side and uttered whisperingly:

“Enid, the pilot star of my lone life,  
Enid my early and my only love,  
Enid the loss of whom has turned me wild —  
What chance is this? how is it I see you here?  
You are in my power at last, are in my power.  
Yet fear me not: I call mine own self wild,  
But keep a touch of sweet civility  
Here in the heart of waste and wilderness.  
I thought, but that your father came between,  
In former days you saw me favorably.  
And if it were so, do not keep it back:  
Make me a little happier: let me know it:  
Owe you me nothing for a life half lost?”



Yea, yea, the whole dear debt of all you are.  
And, Enid, you and he, I see it with joy —  
You sit apart, you do not speak to him,  
You come with no attendance, page or maid,  
To serve you — does he love you as of old?  
For, call it lovers' quarrels, yet I know  
Though men may bicker with the things they love,  
They would not make them laughable in all eyes,  
Not while they loved them ; and your wretched dress,  
A wretched insult on you, dumbly speaks  
Your story, that this man loves you no more.  
Your beauty is no beauty to him now :  
A common chance — right well I know it — palled —  
For I know men : nor will you win him back,  
For the man's love once gone never returns.  
But here is one who loves you as of old ;  
With more exceeding passion than of old :  
Good, speak the word : my followers ring him round :  
He sits unarmed ; I hold a finger up ;  
They understand : no ; I do not mean blood :  
Nor need you look so scared at what I say :  
My malice is no deeper than a moat,  
No stronger than a wall : there is the keep ;  
He shall not cross us more ; speak but the word :

Or speak it not ; but then by Him that made me  
The one true lover which you ever had,  
I will make use of all the power I have.  
O pardon me ! the madness of that hour,  
When first I parted from you, moves me yet."

At this the tender sound of his own voice  
And sweet self-pity, or the fancy of it,  
Made his eye moist ; but Enid feared his eyes,  
Moist as they were, wine-heated from the feast ;  
And answered with such craft as women use,  
Guilty or guiltless, to stave off a chance  
That breaks upon them perilously, and said :

"Earl, if you love me as in former years,  
And do not practise on me, come with morn,  
And snatch me from him as by violence ;  
Leave me to-night : I am weary to the death."

Low at leave-taking, with his brandished plume  
Brushing his instep, bowed the all-amorous Earl,  
And the stout Prince bade him a loud good-night.  
He moving homeward babbled to his men,  
How Enid never loved a man but him,  
Nor cared a broken egg-shell for her lord.

But Enid left alone with Prince Geraint,  
Debating his command of silence given,  
And that she now perforce must violate it,  
Held commune with herself, and while she held  
He fell asleep, and Enid had no heart  
To wake him, but hung o'er him, wholly pleased  
To find him yet unwounded after fight,  
And hear him breathing low and equally.  
Anon she rose, and stepping lightly, heaped  
The pieces of his armor in one place,  
All to be there against a sudden need ;  
Then dozed awhile herself, but overtoiled  
By that day's grief and travel, evermore  
Seemed catching at a rootless thorn, and then  
Went slipping down horrible precipices,  
And strongly striking out her limbs awoke ;  
Then thought she heard the wild Earl at the door,  
With all his rout of random followers,  
Sound on a dreadful trumpet, summoning her ;  
Which was the red cock shouting to the light,  
As the gray dawn stole o'er the dewy world,  
And glimmered on his armor in the room.  
And once again she rose to look at it,  
But touched it unawares : jangling, the casque

Fell, and he started up and stared at her.  
Then breaking his command of silence given,  
She told him all that Earl Limours had said,  
Except the passage that he loved her not ;  
Nor left untold the craft herself had used ;  
But ended with apology so sweet,  
Low-spoken, and of so few words, and seemed  
So justified by that necessity,  
That though he thought " Was it for him she wept  
In Devon ? " he but gave a wrathful groan,  
Saying, " Your sweet faces make good fellows fools  
And traitors. Call the host and bid him bring  
Charger and palfrey." So she glided out  
Among the heavy breathings of the house,  
And like a household Spirit at the walls  
Beat, till she woke the sleepers, and returned :  
Then tending her rough lord, though all unasked,  
In silence, did him service as a squire ;  
Till issuing armed he found the host and cried,  
" Thy reckoning, friend ? " and ere he learnt it, " Take  
Five horses and their armors " ; and the host,  
Suddenly honest, answered in amaze,  
" My lord, I scarce have spent the worth of one ! "  
" You will be all the wealthier," said the Prince,

And then to Enid, "Forward ! and to-day  
I charge you, Enid, more especially,  
What thing soever you may hear, or see,  
Or fancy, (though I count it of small use  
To charge you,) that you speak not, but obey."

And Enid answered, "Yea, my lord, I know  
Your wish, and would obey ; but riding first,  
I hear the violent threats you do not hear,  
I see the danger which you cannot see :  
Then not to give you warning, that seems hard ;  
Almost beyond me : yet I would obey."

"Yea so," said he, "do it : be not too wise ;  
Seeing that you are wedded to a man,  
Not quite mismated with a yawning clown,  
But one with arms to guard his head and yours,  
With eyes to find you out however far,  
And ears to hear you even in his dreams."

With that he turned and looked as keenly at her  
As careful robins eye the delver's toil ;  
And that within her, which a wanton fool,  
Or hasty judger, would have called her guilt,

Made her cheek burn and either eyelid fall.  
And Geraint looked and was not satisfied.

Then forward by a way which, beaten broad,  
Led from the territory of false Limours  
To the waste earldom of another earl,  
Doorm, whom his shaking vassals called the Bull,  
Went Enid with her sullen follower on.  
Once she looked back, and when she saw him ride  
More near by many a rood than yester-morn,  
It well-nigh made her cheerful ; till Geraint  
Waving an angry hand, as who should say,  
“ You watch me,” saddened all her heart again.  
But while the sun yet beat a dewy blade,  
The sound of many a heavily-galloping hoof  
Smote on her ear, and turning round she saw  
Dust, and the points of lances bicker in it.  
Then not to disobey her lord’s behest,  
And yet to give him warning, for he rode  
As if he heard not, moving back she held  
Her finger up, and pointed to the dust.  
At which the warrior in his obstinacy,  
Because she kept the letter of his word  
Was in a manner pleased, and turning, stood.

And in the moment after, wild Limours,  
Borne on a black horse, like a thunder-cloud  
Whose skirts are loosened by the breaking storm,  
Half ridden off with by the thing he rode,  
And all in passion uttering a dry shriek,  
Dashed on Geraint, who closed with him, and bore  
Down by the length of lance and arm beyond  
The crupper, and so left him stunned or dead,  
And overthrew the next that followed him,  
And blindly rushed on all the rout behind.  
But at the flash and motion of the man  
They vanished panic-stricken, like a shoal  
Of darting fish, that on a summer morn  
Adown the crystal dykes at Camelot  
Come slipping o'er their shadows on the sand,  
But if a man who stands upon the brink  
But lift a shining hand against the sun,  
There is not left a twinkle of a fin  
Betwixt the cressy islets white in flower;  
So, scared but at the motion of the man,  
Fled all the boon companions of the Earl,  
And left him lying in the public way;  
So vanish friendships only made in wine.

Then like a stormy sunlight smiled Geraint,  
Who saw the chargers of the two that fell  
Start from their fallen lords, and wildly fly,  
Mixt with the flyers. "Horse and man," he said,  
"All of one mind and all right-honest friends !  
Not a hoof left : and I methinks till now  
Was honest — paid with horses and with arms ;  
I cannot steal or plunder, no, nor beg :  
And so what say you, shall we strip him there  
Your lover ? has your palfrey heart enough  
To bear his armor ? shall we fast, or dine ?  
No ? — then do you, being right honest, pray  
That we may meet the horsemen of Earl Doorm,  
I too would still be honest." Thus he said :  
And sadly gazing on her bridle-reins,  
And answering not one word, she led the way.

But as a man to whom a dreadful loss  
Falls in a far land and he knows it not,  
But coming back he learns it, and the loss  
So pains him that he sickens nigh to death ;  
So fared it with Geraint, who being pricked  
In combat with the follower of the Earl,  
Bled underneath his armor secretly,



And so rode on, nor told his gentle wife  
What ailed him, hardly knowing it himself,  
Till his eye darkened and his helmet wagged ;  
And at a sudden swerving of the road,  
Though happily down on a bank of grass,  
The Prince without a word from his horse fell.

And Enid heard the clashing of his fall,  
Suddenly came, and at his side all pale  
Dismounting, loosed the fastenings of his arms,  
Nor let her true hand falter, nor blue eye  
Moisten, till she had lighted on his wound,  
And tearing off her veil of faded silk  
Had bared her forehead to the blistering sun,  
And swathed the hurt that drained her dear lord's life.  
Then after all was done that hand could do,  
She rested, and her desolation came  
Upon her, and she wept beside the way.

And many past, but none regarded her,  
For in that realm of lawless turbulence,  
A woman weeping for her murdered mate  
Was cared as much for as a summer shower :  
One took him for a victim of Earl Doorm,

Nor dared to waste a perilous pity on him :  
Another hurrying past, a man-at-arms,  
Rode on a mission to the bandit Earl ;  
Half whistling and half singing a coarse song,  
He drove the dust against her veiless eyes :  
Another, flying from the wrath of Doorm  
Before an ever-fancied arrow, made  
The long way smoke beneath him in his fear ;  
At which her palfrey whinnying lifted heel,  
And scoured into the coppices and was lost,  
While the great charger stood, grieved like a man.

But at the point of noon the huge Earl Doorm,  
Broad-faced with under-fringe of russet beard,  
Bound on a foray, rolling eyes of prey,  
Came riding with a hundred lances up ;  
But ere he came, like one that hails a ship,  
Cried out with a big voice, " What, is he dead ? "  
" No, no, not dead ! " she answered in all haste.  
" Would some of your kind people take him up,  
And bear him hence out of this cruel sun :  
Most sure am I, quite sure, he is not dead."

Then said Earl Doorm : " Well, if he be not dead

Why wail you for him thus? you seem a child.  
And be he dead, I count you for a fool;  
Your wailing will not quicken him: dead or not,  
You mar a comely face with idiot tears.  
Yet, since the face *is* comely — some of you,  
Here, take him up, and bear him to our hall:  
An if he live, we will have him of our band;  
And if he die, why earth has earth enough  
To hide him. See ye take the charger too,  
A noble one."

He spake, and past away,  
But left two brawny spearmen, who advanced,  
Each growling like a dog, when his good bone  
Seems to be plucked at by the village boys  
Who love to vex him eating, and he fears  
To lose his bone, and lays his foot upon it,  
Gnawing and growling: so the ruffians growled,  
Fearing to lose, and all for a dead man,  
Their chance of booty from the morning's raid;  
Yet raised and laid him on a litter-bier,  
Such as they brought upon their forays out  
For those that might be wounded; laid him on it  
All in the hollow of his shield, and took

And bore him to the naked hall of Doorm,  
(His gentle charger following him unled,)  
And cast him and the bier in which he lay  
Down on an oaken settle in the hall,  
And then departed, hot in haste to join  
Their luckier mates, but growling as before,  
And cursing their lost time, and the dead man,  
And their own Earl, and their own souls, and her.  
They might as well have blest her : she was deaf  
To blessing or to cursing save from one.

So for long hours sat Enid by her lord,  
There in the naked hall, propping his head,  
And chafing his pale hands, and calling to him.  
And at the last he wakened from his swoon,  
And found his own dear bride propping his head,  
And chafing his faint hands, and calling to him ;  
And felt the warm tears falling on his face ;  
And said to his own heart, " She weeps for me " :  
And yet lay still, and feigned himself as dead,  
That he might prove her to the uttermost,  
And say to his own heart, " She weeps for me."

But in the falling afternoon returned

The huge Earl Doorm with plunder to the hall.  
His lusty spearmen followed him with noise :  
Each hurling down a heap of things that rang  
Against the pavement, cast his lance aside,  
And doffed his helm : and then there fluttered in,  
Half-bold, half-frighted, with dilated eyes,  
A tribe of women, dressed in many hues,  
And mingled with the spearmen : and Earl Doorm  
Struck with a knife's haft hard against the board,  
And called for flesh and wine to feed his spears.  
And men brought in whole hogs and quarter beeves,  
And all the hall was dim with steam of flesh :  
And none spake word, but all sat down at once,  
And ate with tumult in the naked hall,  
Feeding like horses when you hear them feed ;  
Till Enid shrank far back into herself,  
To shun the wild ways of the lawless tribe.  
But when Earl Doorm had eaten all he would,  
He rolled his eyes about the hall, and found  
A damsel drooping in a corner of it.  
Then he remembered her, and how she wept ;  
And out of her there came a power upon him ;  
And rising on the sudden he said, " Eat !  
I never yet beheld a thing so pale.

God's curse, it makes me mad to see you weep.  
Eat! Look yourself. Good luck had your good man,  
For were I dead, who is it would weep for me?  
Sweet lady, never since I first drew breath  
Have I beheld a lily like yourself.  
And so there lived some color in your cheek,  
There is not one among my gentlewomen  
Were fit to wear your slipper for a glove.  
But listen to me, and by me be ruled,  
And I will do the thing I have not done,  
For you shall share my earldom with me, girl,  
And we will live like two birds in one nest,  
And I will fetch you forage from all fields,  
For I compel all creatures to my will."

He spoke: the brawny spearman let his cheek  
Bulge with the unswallowed piece, and turning stared;  
While some, whose souls the old serpent long had drawn  
Down, as the worm draws in the withered leaf  
And makes it earth, hissed each at other's ear  
What shall not be recorded — women they,  
Women, or what had been those gracious things,  
But now desired the humbling of their best,  
Yea, would have helped him to it: and all at once

They hated her, who took no thought of them,  
But answered in low voice, her meek head yet  
Drooping, "I pray you of your courtesy,  
He being as he is, to let me be."

She spake so low he hardly heard her speak,  
But like a mighty patron, satisfied  
With what himself had done so graciously,  
Assumed that she had thanked him, adding, "Yea,  
Eat and be glad, for I account you mine."

She answered meekly, "How should I be glad  
Henceforth in all the world at anything,  
Until my lord arise and look upon me?"

Here the huge Earl cried out upon her talk,  
As all but empty heart and weariness  
And sickly nothing; suddenly seized on her,  
And bare her by main violence to the board,  
And thrust the dish before her, crying, "Eat."

"No, no," said Enid, next, "I will not eat,  
Till yonder man upon the bier arise,  
And eat with me." "Drink, then," he answered. "Here!

(And filled a horn with wine and held it to her,)  
“Lo! I, myself, when flushed with fight, or hot,  
God’s curse, with anger — often I myself,  
Before I well have drunken, scarce can eat:  
Drink, therefore, and the wine will change your will.”

“Not so,” she cried, “by Heaven, I will not drink,  
Till my dear lord arise and bid me do it,  
And drink with me; and if he rise no more,  
I will not look at wine until I die.”

At this he turned all red and paced his hall,  
Now gnawed his under, now his upper lip,  
And coming up close to her, said at last:  
“Girl, for I see you scorn my courtesies,  
Take warning: yonder man is surely dead:  
And I compel all creatures to my will.  
Not eat nor drink? And wherefore wail for one,  
Who put your beauty to this flout and scorn  
By dressing it in rags. Amazed am I,  
Beholding how you butt against my wish  
That I forbear you thus: cross me no more.  
At least put off to please me this poor gown,  
This silken rag, this beggar-woman’s weed:



I love that beauty should go beautifully :  
For see you not my gentlewomen here  
How gay, how suited to the house of one,  
Who loves that beauty should go beautifully !  
Rise therefore ; robe yourself in this : obey."

He spoke, and one among his gentlewomen  
Displayed a splendid silk of foreign loom,  
Where like a shoaling sea the lovely blue  
Played into green, and thicker down the front  
With jewels than the sward with drops of dew,  
When all night long a cloud clings to the hill,  
And with the dawn ascending lets the day  
Strike where it clung : so thickly shone the gems.

But Enid answered, harder to be moved  
Than hardest tyrants in their day of power,  
With life-long injuries burning unavenged,  
And now their hour has come ; and Enid said :  
" In this poor gown my dear lord found me first,  
And loved me serving in my father's hall :  
In this poor gown I rode with him to court,  
And there the Queen arrayed me like the sun :  
In this poor gown he bade me clothe myself,

When now we rode upon this fatal quest  
Of honor, where no honor can be gained :  
And this poor gown I will not cast aside  
Until himself arise a living man,  
And bid me cast it. I have griefs enough :  
Pray you be gentle, pray you let me be :  
I never loved, can never love but him :  
Yea, God, I pray you of your gentleness,  
He being as he is, to let me be."

Then strode the brute Earl up and down his hall,  
And took his russet beard between his teeth ;  
Last, coming up quite close, and in his mood  
Crying, " I count it of no more avail,  
Dame, to be gentle than ungentle with you ;  
Take my salute," unknightly with flat hand,  
However lightly, smote her on the cheek.

Then Enid, in her utter helplessness,  
And since she thought, " He had not dared to do it,  
Except he surely knew my lord was dead,"  
Sent forth a sudden sharp and bitter cry  
As of a wild thing taken in the trap,  
Which sees the trapper coming through the wood.

This heard Geraint, and grasping at his sword  
(It lay beside him in the hollow shield)  
Made but a single bound, and with a sweep of it  
Shore through the swarthy neck, and like a ball  
The russet-bearded head rolled on the floor.  
So died Earl Doorm by him he counted dead.  
And all the men and women in the hall  
Rose when they saw the dead man rise, and fled  
Yelling as from a spectre, and the two  
Were left alone together, and he said :  
“ Enid, I have used you worse than that dead man ;  
Done you more wrong : we both have undergone  
That trouble which has left me thrice your own :  
Henceforward I will rather die than doubt.  
And here I lay this penance on myself,  
Not, though mine own ears heard you yester-morn —  
You thought me sleeping, but I heard you say,  
I heard you say, that you were no true wife :  
I swear I will not ask your meaning in it :  
I do believe yourself against yourself,  
And will henceforward rather die than doubt.”

And Enid could not say one tender word,  
She felt so blunt and stupid at the heart :

She only prayed him, "Fly, they will return  
And slay you ; fly, your charger is without,  
My palfrey lost." "Then, Enid, shall you ride  
Behind me." "Yea," said Enid, "let us go."  
And moving out they found the stately horse,  
Who now no more a vassal to the thief,  
But free to stretch his limbs in lawful fight,  
Neighed with all gladness as they came, and stooped  
With a low whinny toward the pair : and she  
Kissed the white star upon his noble front,  
Glad also ; then Geraint upon the horse  
Mounted, and reached a hand, and on his foot  
She set her own and climbed ; he turned his face  
And kissed her climbing, and she cast her arms  
About him, and at once they rode away.

And never yet, since high in Paradise  
O'er the four rivers the first roses blew,  
Came purer pleasure unto mortal kind  
Than lived through her, who in that perilous hour  
Put hand to hand beneath her husband's heart,  
And felt him hers again : she did not weep,  
But o'er her meek eyes came a happy mist  
Like that which kept the heart of Eden green

•

Before the useful trouble of the rain :  
Yet not so misty were her meek blue eyes  
As not to see before them on the path,  
Right in the gateway of the bandit hold,  
A knight of Arthur's court, who laid his lance  
In rest, and made as if to fall upon him.  
Then, fearing for his hurt and loss of blood,  
She, with her mind all full of what had chanced,  
Shrieked to the stranger, "Slay not a dead man!"  
"The voice of Enid," said the knight; but she,  
Beholding it was Edyrn son of Nudd,  
Was moved so much the more, and shrieked again,  
"O cousin, slay not him who gave you life."  
And Edyrn moving frankly forward spake :  
"My lord Geraint, I greet you with all love ;  
I took you for a bandit knight of Doorm ;  
And fear not, Enid, I should fall upon him,  
Who love you, Prince, with something of the love  
Wherewith we love the Heaven that chastens us.  
For once, when I was up so high in pride  
That I was half-way down the slope to Hell,  
By overthrowing me you threw me higher.  
Now, made a knight of Arthur's Table Round,  
And since I knew this earl, when I myself

Was half a bandit in my lawless hour,  
I come the mouthpiece of our king to Doorm,  
(The king is close behind me,) bidding him  
Disband himself, and scatter all his powers,  
Submit, and hear the judgment of the king."

"He hears the judgment of the King of Kings,"  
Cried the wan Prince; "and lo the powers of Doorm  
Are scattered," and he pointed to the field,  
Where, huddled here and there on mound and knoll,  
Were men and women staring and aghast,  
While some yet fled; and then he plainlier told  
How the huge earl lay slain within his hall.  
But when the knight besought him, "Follow me,  
Prince, to the camp, and in the king's own ear  
Speak what has chanced; you surely have endured  
Strange chances here alone"; that other flushed,  
And hung his head, and halted in reply,  
Fearing the mild face of the blameless king,  
And after madness acted question asked:  
Till Edyrn crying, "If you will not go  
To Arthur, then will Arthur come to you."  
"Enough," he said, "I follow," and they went.  
But Enid in their going had two fears,

One from the bandit scattered in the field,  
And one from Edyrn. Every now and then,  
When Edyrn reined his charger at her side,  
She shrank a little. In a hollow land,  
From which old fires have broken, men may fear  
Fresh fire and ruin. He, perceiving, said :

“ Fair and dear cousin, you that most had cause  
To fear me, fear no longer, I am changed.  
Yourself were first the blameless cause to make  
My nature’s prideful sparkle in the blood  
Break into furious flame ; being repulsed  
By Yniol and yourself, I schemed and wrought  
Until I overturned him ; then set up  
(With one main purpose ever at my heart)  
My haughty jousts, and took a paramour ;  
Did her mock-honor as the fairest fair,  
And, toppling over all antagonism,  
So waxed in pride, that I believed myself  
Unconquerable, for I was well-nigh mad :  
And, but for my main purpose in these jousts,  
I should have slain your father, seized yourself.  
I lived in hope that some time you would come  
To these my lists with him whom best you loved ;

And there, poor cousin, with your meek blue eyes,  
The truest eyes that ever answered heaven,  
Behold me overturn and trample on him.  
Then, had you cried, or knelt, or prayed to me,  
I should not less have killed him. And you came, —  
But once you came, — and with your own true eyes  
Beheld the man you loved (I speak as one  
Speaks of a service done him) overthrow  
My proud self, and my purpose three years old,  
And set his foot upon me, and give me life.  
There was I broken down ; there was I saved :  
Though thence I rode all-shamed, hating the life  
He gave me, meaning to be rid of it.  
And all the penance the Queen laid upon me  
Was but to rest awhile within her court ;  
Where first as sullen as a beast new-caged,  
And waiting to be treated like a wolf,  
Because I knew my deeds were known, I found,  
Instead of scornful pity or pure scorn,  
Such fine reserve and noble reticence,  
Manners so kind, yet stately, such a grace  
Of tenderest courtesy, that I began  
To glance behind me at my former life,  
And find that it had been the wolf's indeed :



And oft I talked with Dubric, the high saint,  
Who, with mild heat of holy oratory,  
Subdued me somewhat to that gentleness,  
Which, when it weds with manhood, makes a man.  
And you were often there about the Queen,  
But saw me not, or marked not if you saw ;  
Nor did I care or dare to speak with you,  
But kept myself aloof till I was changed ;  
And fear not, cousin ; I am changed indeed."

He spoke, and Enid easily believed,  
Like simple noble natures, credulous  
Of what they long for, good in friend or foe,  
There most in those who most have done them ill.  
And when they reached the camp the king himself  
Advanced to greet them, and beholding her  
Though pale, yet happy, asked her not a word,  
But went apart with Edyrn, whom he held  
In converse for a little, and returned,  
And, gravely smiling, lifted her from horse,  
And kissed her with all pureness, brother-like,  
And showed an empty tent allotted her,  
And glancing for a minute, till he saw her  
Pass into it, turned to the Prince, and said :

“ Prince, when of late you prayed me for my leave  
To move to your own land, and there defend  
Your marches, I was pricked with some reproof,  
As one that let foul wrong stagnate and be,  
By having looked too much through alien eyes,  
And wrought too long with delegated hands,  
Not used mine own : but now behold me come  
To cleanse this common sewer of all my realm,  
With Edyrn and with others : have you looked  
At Edyrn ? have you seen how nobly changed ?  
This work of his is great and wonderful.  
His very face with change of heart is changed.  
The world will not believe a man repents :  
And this wise world of ours is mainly right.  
Full seldom *does* a man repent, or use  
Both grace and will to pick the vicious quitch  
Of blood and custom wholly out of him,  
And make all clean, and plant himself afresh.  
Edyrn has done it, weeding all his heart  
As I will weed this land before I go.  
I, therefore, made him of our Table Round,  
Not rashly, but have proved him every way  
One of our noblest, our most valorous,  
Sanest and most obedient : and indeed

This work of Edyrn wrought upon himself  
After a life of violence, seems to me  
A thousand-fold more great and wonderful  
Than if a knight of mine, risking his life,  
My subject with my subjects under him,  
Should make an onslaught single on a realm  
Of robbers, though he slew them one by one,  
And were himself nigh wounded to the death."

So spake the king; low bowed the Prince, and felt  
His work was neither great nor wonderful,  
And past to Enid's tent; and thither came  
The king's own leech to look into his hurt;  
And Enid tended on him there; and there  
Her constant motion round him, and the breath  
Of her sweet tendance hovering over him,  
Filled all the genial courses of his blood  
With deeper and with ever deeper love,  
As the southwest that blowing Bala lake  
Fills all the sacred Dee. So past the days.

But while Geraint lay healing of his hurt,  
The blameless king went forth and cast his eyes  
On whom his father Uther left in charge

Long since, to guard the justice of the king :  
He looked and found them wanting ; and as now  
Men weed the white horse on the Berkshire hills  
To keep him bright and clean as heretofore,  
He rooted out the slothful officer  
Or guilty, which for bribe had winked at wrong,  
And in their chairs set up a stronger race  
With hearts and hands, and sent a thousand men  
To till the wastes, and moving everywhere  
Cleared the dark places and let in the law,  
And broke the bandit holds and cleansed the land.

Then, when Geraint was whole again, they past  
With Arthur to Caerleon upon Usk.  
There the great Queen once more embraced her friend,  
And clothed her in apparel like the day.  
And though Geraint could never take again  
That comfort from their converse which he took  
Before the Queen's fair name was breathed upon,  
He rested well content that all was well.  
Thence after tarrying for a space they rode,  
And fifty knights rode with them to the shores  
Of Severn, and they past to their own land.  
And there he kept the justice of the king

So vigorously yet mildly, that all hearts  
Applauded, and the spiteful whisper died :  
And being ever foremost in the chase  
And victor at the tilt and tournament,  
They called him the great Prince and man of men.  
But Enid, whom her ladies loved to call  
Enid the Fair, a grateful people named  
Enid the Good ; and in their halls arose  
The cry of children, Enids and Geraints  
Of times to be ; nor did he doubt her more,  
But rested in her fealty, till he crowned  
A happy life with a fair death, and fell  
Against the heathen of the Northern Sea  
In battle, fighting for the blameless King.



VIVIEN.

S\*





## V I V I E N .

A STORM was coming, but the winds were still,  
And in the wild woods of Broceliande,  
Before an oak so hollow huge and old  
It looked a tower of ruined masonwork,  
At Merlin's feet the wileful Vivien lay.

The wily Vivien stole from Arthur's court :  
She loathed the knights, and ever seemed to hear  
Their laughing comment when her name was named.  
For once, when Arthur, walking all alone,  
Vext at a rumor rife about the Queen,  
Had met her, Vivien, being greeted fair,  
Would fain have wrought upon his cloudy mood  
With reverent eyes mock-loyal, shaken voice,  
And fluttered adoration, and at last  
With dark sweet hints of some who prized him more

Than who should prize him most ; at which the King  
Had gazed upon her blankly and gone by :  
But one had watched, and had not held his peace :  
It made the laughter of an afternoon  
That Vivien should attempt the blameless King.  
And after that, she set herself to gain  
Him, the most famous man of all those times,  
Merlin, who knew the range of all their arts,  
Had built the King his havens, ships, and halls,  
Was also Bard, and knew the starry heavens ;  
The people called him Wizard ; whom at first  
She played about with slight and sprightly talk,  
And vivid smiles, and faintly-venomed points  
Of slander, glancing here and grazing there ;  
And yielding to his kindlier moods, the Seer  
Would watch her at her petulance, and play,  
Ev'n when they seemed unlovable, and laugh  
As those that watch a kitten ; thus he grew  
Tolerant of what he half disdained, and she,  
Perceiving that she was but half disdained,  
Began to break her sports with graver fits,  
Turn red or pale, would often when they met  
Sigh fully, or all-silent gaze upon him  
With such a fixt devotion, that the old man,

Though doubtful, felt the flattery, and at times  
Would flatter his own wish in age for love,  
And half believe her true : for thus at times  
He wavered ; but that other clung to him,  
Fixt in her will, and so the seasons went.  
Then fell upon him a great melancholy ;  
And leaving Arthur's court he gained the beach ;  
There found a little boat, and stept into it ;  
And Vivien followed, but he marked her not.  
She took the helm and he the sail ; the boat  
Drave with a sudden wind across the deeps,  
And touching Breton sands, they disembarked.  
And then she followed Merlin all the way,  
Ev'n to the wild woods of Broceliande.  
For Merlin once had told her of a charm,  
The which if any wrought on any one  
With woven paces and with waving arms,  
The man so wrought on ever seemed to lie  
Closed in the four walls of a hollow tower,  
From which was no escape for evermore ;  
And none could find that man for evermore,  
Nor could he see but him who wrought the charm  
Coming and going, and he lay as dead  
And lost to life and use and name and fame.

And Vivien ever sought to work the charm  
Upon the great Enchanter of the Time,  
As fancying that her glory would be great  
According to his greatness whom she quenched.

There lay she all her length and kissed his feet,  
As if in deepest reverence and in love.  
A snake of gold was round her hair ; a robe  
Of samite without price, that more exprest  
Than hid her, clung about her lissome limbs,  
In color like the satin-shining palm  
On sallows in the windy gleams of March :  
And while she kissed them, crying, "Trample me,  
Dear feet, that I have followed through the world,  
And I will pay you worship ; tread me down  
And I will kiss you for it" ; he was mute ;  
So dark a forethought rolled about his brain,  
As on a dull day in an Ocean cave  
The blind wave feeling round his long sea-hall  
In silence : wherefore, when she lifted up  
A face of sad appeal, and spake and said,  
"O Merlin, do you love me?" and again,  
"O Merlin, do you love me?" and once more,  
"Great Master, do you love me?" he was mute.

And lissome Vivien, holding by his heel,  
Writhed toward him, sliding up his knee and sat,  
Behind his ankle twined her hollow feet  
Together, curved an arm about his neck,  
Clung like a snake ; and letting her left hand  
Droop from his mighty shoulder, as a leaf,  
Made with her right a comb of pearl to part  
The lists of such a beard as youth gone out  
Had left in ashes : then he spoke and said,  
Not looking at her, “ Who are wise in love  
Love most, say least,” and Vivien answered quick,  
“ I saw the little elf-god eyeless once  
In Arthur’s arras hall at Camelot :  
But neither eyes nor tongue — O stupid child!  
Yet you are wise who say it ; let me think  
Silence is wisdom : I am silent then  
And ask no kiss ” ; then adding all at once,  
“ And lo, I clothe myself with wisdom,” drew  
The vast and shaggy mantle of his beard  
Across her neck and bosom to her knee,  
And called herself a gilded summer fly  
Caught in a great old tyrant spider’s web,  
Who meant to eat her up in that wild wood  
Without one word. So Vivien called herself,

But rather seemed a lovely baleful star  
Veiled in gray vapor; till he sadly smiled :  
“To what request for what strange boon,” he said,  
“Are these your pretty tricks and fooleries,  
O Vivien, the preamble ? yet my thanks,  
For these have broken up my melancholy.”

And Vivien answered, smiling saucily,  
“What, O my Master, have you found your voice ?  
I bid the stranger welcome. Thanks at last !  
But yesterday you never opened lip,  
Except indeed to drink : no cup had we :  
In mine own lady palms I culled the spring  
That gathered trickling dropwise from the cleft,  
And made a pretty cup of both my hands,  
And offered you it kneeling : then you drank  
And knew no more, nor gave me one poor word ;  
O no more thanks than might a goat have given  
With no more sign of reverence than a beard.  
And when we halted at that other well,  
And I was faint to swooning, and you lay  
Foot-gilt with all the blossom-dust of those  
Deep meadows we had traversed, did you know  
That Vivien bathed your feet before her own ?

And yet no thanks : and all through this wild wood  
And all this morning when I fondled you :  
Boon, yes, there was a boon, one not so strange —  
How had I wronged you ? surely you are wise,  
But such a silence is more wise than kind."

And Merlin locked his hand in hers and said :  
" O did you never lie upon the shore,  
And watch the curled white of the coming wave  
Glassed in the slippery sand before it breaks ?  
Even such a wave, but not so pleasurable,  
Dark in the glass of some presageful mood,  
Had I for three days seen, ready to fall.  
And then I rose and fled from Arthur's court  
To break the mood. You followed me unasked ;  
And when I looked, and saw you following still.  
My mind involved yourself the nearest thing  
In that mind-mist : for shall I tell you truth ?  
*You* seemed that wave about to break upon me  
And sweep me from my hold upon the world,  
My use and name and fame. Your pardon, child.  
Your pretty sports have brightened all again.  
And ask your boon, for boon I owe you thrice,  
Once for wrong done you by confusion, next

For thanks it seems till now neglected, last  
For these your dainty gambols : wherefore ask ;  
And take this boon so strange and not so strange."

And Vivien answered, smiling mournfully :  
" O not so strange as my long asking it,  
Nor yet so strange as you yourself are strange,  
Nor half so strange as that dark mood of yours.  
I ever feared you were not wholly mine ;  
And see, yourself have owned you did me wrong.  
The people call you prophet : let it be :  
But not of those that can expound themselves.  
Take Vivien for expounder ; she will call  
That three-days-long presageful gloom of yours  
No presage, but the same mistrustful mood  
That makes you seem less noble than yourself,  
Whenever I have asked this very boon  
Now asked again : for see you not, dear love,  
That such a mood as that, which lately gloomed  
Your fancy when you saw me following you,  
Must make me fear still more you are not mine,  
Must make me yearn still more to prove you mine,  
And make me wish still more to learn this charm  
Of woven paces and of waving hands



As proof of trust. O Merlin, teach it me.  
The charm so taught will charm us both to rest.  
For, grant me some slight power upon your fate,  
I, feeling that you felt me worthy trust,  
Should rest and let you rest, knowing you mine.  
And therefore be as great as you are named,  
Not muffled round with selfish reticence.  
How hard you look and how denyingly !  
O, if you think this wickedness in me,  
That I should prove it on you unawares,  
To make you lose your use and name and fame,  
That makes me most indignant ; then our bond  
Had best be loosed for ever : but think or not,  
By Heaven that hears, I tell you the clean truth,  
As clean as blood of babes, as white as milk :  
O Merlin, may this earth, if ever I,  
If these unwitty wandering wits of mine,  
Ev'n in the jumbled rubbish of a dream,  
Have tript on such conjectural treachery —  
May this hard earth cleave to the Nadir hell  
Down, down, and close again, and nip me flat,  
If I be such a traitress. Yield my boon,  
Till which I scarce can yield you all I am ;  
And grant my re-reiterated wish,

The great proof of your love : because I think,  
However wise, you hardly know me yet."

And Merlin loosed his hand from hers and said,  
"I never was less wise, however wise,  
Too curious Vivien, though you talk of trust,  
Than when I told you first of such a charm.  
Yea, if you talk of trust, I tell you this,  
Too much I trusted, when I told you that,  
And stirred this vice in you which ruined man  
Through woman the first hour ; for howsoe'er  
In children a great curiousness be well,  
Who have to learn themselves and all the world,  
In you, that are no child, for still I find  
Your face is practised, when I spell the lines,  
I call it, — well, I will not call it vice :  
But since you name yourself the summer-fly,  
I well could wish a cobweb for the gnat,  
That settles, beaten back, and beaten back  
Settles, till one could yield for weariness :  
But since I will not yield to give you power  
Upon my life and use and name and fame,  
Why will you never ask some other boon ?  
Yea, by God's rood, I trusted you too much."

And Vivien, like the tenderest-hearted maid  
That ever bided tryst at village stile,  
Made answer, either eyelid wet with tears.  
“Nay, master, be not wrathful with your maid;  
Caress her: let her feel herself forgiven  
Who feels no heart to ask another boon.  
I think you hardly know the tender rhyme  
Of ‘trust me not at all or all in all.’  
I heard the great Sir Lancelot sing it once,  
And it shall answer for me. Listen to it.

‘In Love, if Love be Love, if Love be ours,  
Faith and unfaith can ne’er be equal powers:  
Unfaith in aught is want of faith in all.

‘It is the little rift within the lute,  
That by and by will make the music mute,  
And ever widening slowly silence all.

‘The little rift within the lover’s lute,  
Or little pitted speck in garnered fruit,  
That rotting inward slowly moulders all.

‘It is not worth the keeping: let it go:

But shall it? answer, darling, answer, no.  
And trust me not at all or all in all.'

O master, do you love my tender rhyme?"

And Merlin looked and half believed her true,  
So tender was her voice, so fair her face,  
So sweetly gleamed her eyes behind her tears  
Like sunlight on the plain behind a shower:  
And yet he answered half indignantly.

"Far other was the song that once I heard  
By this huge oak, sung nearly where we sit:  
For here we met, some ten or twelve of us,  
To chase a creature that was current then  
In these wild woods, the hart with golden horns.  
It was the time when first the question rose  
About the founding of a Table Round  
That was to be, for love of God and men  
And noble deeds, the flower of all the world.  
And each incited each to noble deeds.  
And while we waited, one, the youngest of us,  
We could not keep him silent, out he flashed,  
And into such a song, such fire for fame,

Such trumpet-blowings in it, coming down  
To such a stern and iron-clashing close,  
That when he stopt we longed to hurl together,  
And should have done it ; but the beauteous beast  
Scared by the noise upstarted at our feet,  
And like a silver shadow slipt away  
Through the dim land ; and all day long we rode  
Through the dim land against a rushing wind,  
That glorious roundel echoing in our ears,  
And chased the flashes of his golden horns  
Until they vanished by the fairy well  
That laughs at iron — as our warriors did —  
Where children cast their pins and nails, and cry,  
‘ Laugh, little well,’ but touch it with a sword,  
It buzzes wildly round the point ; and there  
We lost him : such a noble song was that.  
But, Vivien, when you sang me that sweet rhyme,  
I felt as though you knew this curséd charm,  
Were proving it on me, and that I lay  
And felt them slowly ebbing, name and fame.”

And Vivien answered smiling mournfully:  
“ O mine have ebbed away for evermore,  
And all through following you to this wild wood,

Because I saw you sad, to comfort you.  
Lo now, what hearts have men! they never mount  
As high as woman in her selfless mood.  
And touching fame, howe'er you scorn my song,  
Take one verse more — the lady speaks it — this :

‘ My name, once mine, now thine, is closelier mine,  
For fame, could fame be mine, that fame were thine,  
And shame, could shame be thine, that shame were mine.  
So trust me not at all or all in all.’

“ Says she not well? and there is more — this rhyme  
Is like the fair pearl-necklace of the Queen,  
That burst in dancing, and the pearls were spilt ;  
Some lost, some stolen, some as relics kept.  
But nevermore the same two sister pearls  
Ran down the silken thread to kiss each other  
On her white neck — so is it with this rhyme :  
It lives dispersedly in many hands,  
And every minstrel sings it differently ;  
Yet is there one true line, the pearl of pearls :  
‘ Man dreams of Fame, while woman wakes to love.’  
True: Love, though Love were of the grossest, carves  
A portion from the solid present, eats

And uses, careless of the rest ; but Fame,  
The Fame that follows death is nothing to us ;  
And what is fame in life but half-disfame,  
And counterchanged with darkness ? you yourself  
Know well that Envy calls you Devil's son,  
And since you seem the Master of all Art,  
They fain would make you Master of all Vice."

And Merlin locked his hand in hers and said,  
" I once was looking for a magic weed,  
And found a fair young squire who sat alone,  
Had carved himself a knightly shield of wood,  
And then was painting on it fancied arms,  
Azure, an Eagle rising or, the Sun  
In dexter chief ; the scroll, ' I follow fame.'  
And speaking not, but leaning over him,  
I took his brush and blotted out the bird,  
And made a Gardener putting in a graff,  
With this for motto, ' Rather use than fame.'  
You should have seen him blush ; but afterwards  
He made a stalwart knight. O Vivien,  
For you, methinks you think you love me well ;  
For me, I love you somewhat ; rest : and Love  
Should have some rest and pleasure in himself,

Not ever be too curious for a boon,  
Too prurient for a proof against the grain  
Of him you say you love : but Fame with men,  
Being but ampler means to serve mankind,  
Should have small rest or pleasure in herself,  
But work as vassal to the larger love,  
That dwarfs the petty love of one to one.  
Use gave me Fame at first, and Fame again  
Increasing gave me use. Lo, there my boon !  
What other ? for men sought to prove me vile,  
Because I wished to give them greater minds :  
And then did Envy call me Devil's son :  
The sick weak beast seeking to help herself  
By striking at her better, missed, and brought  
Her own claw back, and wounded her own heart.  
Sweet were the days when I was all unknown,  
But when my name was lifted up, the storm  
Broke on the mountain and I cared not for it.  
Right well know I that Fame is half-disfame,  
Yet needs must work my work. That other fame,  
To one at least, who hath not children, vague,  
The cackle of the unborn about the grave,  
I cared not for it : a single misty star,  
That is the second in a line of stars



That seem a sword beneath a belt of three,  
I never gazed upon it but I dreamt  
Of some vast charm concluded in that star  
To make fame nothing. Wherefore, if I fear,  
Giving you power upon me through this charm,  
That you might play me falsely, having power,  
However well you think you love me now,  
(As sons of kings loving in pupilage  
Have turned to tyrants when they came to power,)  
I rather dread the loss of use than fame;  
If you — and not so much from wickedness,  
As some wild turn of anger, or a mood  
Of overstrained affection, it may be,  
To keep me all to your own self, or else  
A sudden spurt of woman's jealousy —  
Should try this charm on whom you say you love."

And Vivien answered smiling as in wrath.  
"Have I not sworn? I am not trusted. Good!  
Well, hide it, hide it; I shall find it out;  
And being found take heed of Vivien then.  
A woman and not trusted, doubtless I  
Might feel some sudden turn of anger born  
Of your misfaith; and your fine epithet

Is accurate too, for this full love of mine  
Without the full heart back may merit well  
Your term of overstrained. So used as I,  
My daily wonder is, I love at all.  
And as to woman's jealousy, O why not?  
O to what end, except a jealous one,  
And one to make me jealous if I love,  
Was this fair charm invented by yourself?  
I well believe that all about this world  
You cage a buxom captive here and there,  
Closed in the four walls of a hollow tower  
From which is no escape for evermore."

Then the great Master merrily answered her.  
"Full many a love in loving youth was mine,  
I needed then no charm to keep them mine  
But youth and love; and that full heart of yours  
Whereof you prattle, may now assure you mine;  
So live uncharmed. For those who wrought it first,  
The wrist is parted from the hand that waved,  
The feet unmortised from their ankle-bones  
Who paced it, ages back: but will you hear  
The legend as in guerdon for your rhyme?

“There lived a king in the most Eastern East,  
Less old than I, yet older, for my blood  
Hath earnest in it of far springs to be.  
A tawny pirate anchored in his port,  
Whose bark had plundered twenty nameless isles ;  
And passing one, at the high peep of dawn,  
He saw two cities in a thousand boats  
All fighting for a woman on the sea.  
And pushing his black craft among them all,  
He lightly scattered theirs and brought her off,  
With loss of half his people arrow-slain ;  
A maid so smooth, so white, so wonderful,  
They said a light came from her when she moved :  
And since the pirate would not yield her up,  
The king impaled him for his piracy ;  
Then made her Queen : but those isle-nurtured eyes  
Waged such unwilling though successful war  
On all the youth, they sickened ; councils thinned,  
And armies waned, for magnet-like she drew  
The rustiest iron of old fighters’ hearts ;  
And beasts themselves would worship ; camels knelt  
Unbidden, and the brutes of mountain back  
That carry kings in castles bowed black knees  
Of homage, ringing with their serpent hands,

To make her smile, her golden ankle-bells.  
What wonder, being jealous, that he sent  
His horns of proclamation out through all  
The hundred under-kingdoms that he swayed  
To find a wizard who might teach the king  
Some charm, which being wrought upon the Queen  
Might keep her all his own: to such a one  
He promised more than ever king has given,  
A league of mountain full of golden mines,  
A province with a hundred miles of coast,  
A palace and a princess, all for him:  
But on all those who tried and failed, the king  
Pronounced a dismal sentence, meaning by it  
To keep the list low and pretenders back,  
Or like a king, not to be trifled with —  
Their heads should moulder on the city gates.  
And many tried and failed, because the charm  
Of nature in her overbore their own:  
And many a wizard brow bleached on the walls:  
And many weeks a troop of carrion crows  
Hung like a cloud above the gateway towers.”

And Vivien breaking in upon him, said:  
“I sit and gather honey; yet, methinks,

Your tongue has tript a little : ask yourself.  
The lady never made *unwilling* war  
With those fine eyes : she had her pleasure in it,  
And made her good man jealous with good cause.  
And lived there neither dame nor damsel then  
Wroth at a lover's loss? were all as tame,  
I mean, as noble, as their Queen was fair?  
Not one to flirt a venom at her eyes,  
Or pinch a murderous dust into her drink,  
Or make her paler with a poisoned rose?  
Well, those were not our days : but did they find  
A wizard? Tell me, was he like to thee?"

She ceased, and made her lithe arm round his neck  
Tighten, and then drew back, and let her eyes  
Speak for her, glowing on him, like a bride's  
On her new lord, her own, the first of men.

He answered laughing, "Nay, not like to me.  
At last they found — his foragers for charms —  
A little glassy-headed hairless man,  
Who lived alone in a great wild on grass;  
Read but one book, and ever reading grew  
So grated down and filed away with thought,

So lean his eyes were monstrous ; while the skin  
Chung but to crate and basket, ribs and spine.  
And since he kept his mind on one sole aim,  
Nor ever touched fierce wine, nor tasted flesh,  
Nor owned a sensual wish, to him the wall  
That sunders ghosts and shadow-casting men  
Became a crystal, and he saw them through it,  
And heard their voices talk behind the wall,  
And learnt their elemental secrets, powers  
And forces ; often o'er the sun's bright eye  
Drew the vast eyelid of an inky cloud,  
And lashed it at the base with slanting storm ;  
Or in the noon of mist and driving rain,  
When the lake whitened and the pine-wood roared,  
And the cairned mountain was a shadow, sunned  
The world to peace again : here was the man.  
And so by force they dragged him to the king.  
And then he taught the king to charm the Queen  
In such-wise, that no man could see her more,  
Nor saw she save the king, who wrought the charm,  
Coming and going, and she lay as dead,  
And lost all use of life : but when the king  
Made proffer of the league of golden mines,  
The province with a hundred miles of coast,

The palace and the princess, that old man  
Went back to his old wild, and lived on grass,  
And vanished, and his book came down to me."

And Vivien answered smiling saucily :  
" You have the book : the charm is written in it :  
Good : take my counsel : let me know it at once :  
For keep it like a puzzle chest in chest,  
With each chest locked and padlocked thirty-fold,  
And whelm all this beneath as vast a mound  
As after furious battle turfs the slain  
On some wild down above the windy deep,  
I yet should strike upon a sudden means  
To dig, pick, open, find and read the charm :  
Then, if I tried it, who should blame me then ? "

And smiling as a Master smiles at one  
That is not of his school, nor any school  
But that where blind and naked Ignorance  
Delivers brawling judgments, unashamed,  
On all things all day long, he answered her.

" *You* read the book, my pretty Vivien !  
O, ay, it is but twenty pages long,

But every page having an ample marge,  
And every marge enclosing in the midst  
A square of text that looks a little blot,  
The text no larger than the limbs of fleas ;  
And every square of text an awful charm,  
Writ in a language that has long gone by.  
So long, that mountains have arisen since  
With cities on their flanks — *you* read the book !  
And every margin scribbled, crost, and crammed  
With comment, densest condensation, hard  
To mind and eye ; but the long sleepless nights  
Of my long life have made it easy to me.  
And none can read the text, not even I ;  
And none can read the comment but myself ;  
And in the comment did I find the charm.  
O, the results are simple ; a mere child  
Might use it to the harm of any one,  
And never could undo it : ask no more :  
For though you should not prove it upon me,  
But keep that oath you swore, you might, perchance,  
Assay it on some one of the Table Round,  
And all because you dream they babble of you.”

And Vivien, frowning in true anger, said :



“What dare the stall-fed liars say of me?  
*They* ride abroad redressing human wrongs!  
They sit with knife in meat and wine in horn.  
*They* bound to holy vows of chastity!  
Were I not woman, I could tell a tale.  
But you are man, you well can understand  
The shame that cannot be explained for shame.  
Not one of all the drove should touch me: swine!”

Then answered Merlin careless of her words.  
“You breathe but accusation vast and vague,  
Spleen-born, I think, and proofless. ‘If you know,  
Set up the charge you know, to stand or fall!’”

And Vivien answered frowning wrathfully.  
“O, ay, what say ye to Sir Valence, him  
Whose kinsman left him watcher o’er his wife  
And two fair babes, and went to distant lands;  
Was one year gone, and on returning found  
Not two but three: there lay the reekling, one  
But one hour old. What said the happy sire?  
A seven months’ babe had been a truer gift.  
Those twelve sweet moons confused his fatherhood.”

Then answered Merlin, "Nay, I know the tale.  
Sir Valence wedded with an outland dame :  
Some cause had kept him sundered from his wife :  
One child they had : it lived with her : she died :  
His kinsman travelling on his own affair  
Was charged by Valence to bring home the child.  
He brought, not found it therefore : take the truth."

"O, ay," said Vivien, "overtrue a tale.  
What say ye then to sweet Sir Sagramore,  
That ardent man? "To pluck the flower in season,"  
So says the song, "I trow it is no treason."  
O Master, shall we call him overquick  
To crop his own sweet rose before the hour?"

And Merlin answered, "Overquick are you  
To catch a lothly plume fallen from the wing  
Of that foul bird of rapine whose whole prey  
Is man's good name : he never wronged his bride.  
I know the tale. An angry gust of wind  
Puffed out his torch among the myriad-roomed  
And many-corridored complexities  
Of Arthur's palace : then he found a door  
And darkling felt the sculptured ornament

That wreathen round it made it seem his own ;  
And wearied out made for the couch and slept,  
A stainless man beside a stainless maid ;  
And either slept, nor knew of other there ;  
Till the high dawn piercing the royal rose  
In Arthur's casement glimmered chastely down,  
Blushing upon them blushing, and at once  
He rose without a word and parted from her :  
But when the thing was blazed about the court,  
The brute world howling forced them into bonds,  
And as it chanced they are happy, being pure."

"O, ay," said Vivien, "that were likely too.  
What say ye then to fair Sir Percivale  
And of the horrid foulness that he wrought,  
The saintly youth, the spotless lamb of Christ,  
Or some black wether of St. Satan's fold.  
What, in the precincts of the chapel-yard,  
Among the knightly brasses of the graves,  
And by the cold Hie Jacets of the dead !"

And Merlin answered, careless of her charge.  
"A sober man is Percivale and pure ;  
But once in life was flustered with new wine,

Then paced for coolness in the chapel-yard ;  
Where one of Satan's shepherdesses caught  
And meant to stamp him with her master's mark ;  
And that he sinned, is not believable ;  
For, look upon his face ! — but if he sinned,  
The sin that practice burns into the blood,  
And not the one dark hour which brings remorse,  
Will brand us, after, of whose fold we be :  
Or else were he, the holy king, whose hymns  
Are chanted in the minster, worse than all.  
But is your spleen frothed out, or have ye more ?'

And Vivien answered, frowning yet in wrath :  
"O, ay ; what say ye to Sir Lancelot, friend ?  
Traitor or true ? that commeree with the Queen,  
I ask you, is it clamored by the child,  
Or whispered in the corner ? do you know it ?"

To which he answered sadly, "Yea, I know it.  
Sir Lancelot went ambassador, at first,  
To fetch her, and she took him for the king ;  
So fixt her fancy on him : let him be.  
But have you no one word of loyal praise  
For Arthur, blameless king and stainless man ?"

She answered, with a low and chuckling laugh :  
“ Him ? is he man at all who knows and winks ?  
Sees what his fair bride is and does, and winks ?  
By which the good king means to blind himself,  
And blinds himself and all the Table Round  
To all the foulness that they work. Myself  
Could call him (were it not for womanhood)  
The pretty, popular name such manhood earns,  
Could call him the main cause of all their crime ;  
Yea, were he not crowned king, coward, and fool.”

Then Merlin to his own heart, loathing, said :  
“ O true and tender ! O my liege and king !  
O selfless man and stainless gentleman,  
Who wouldst against thine own eyewitness fain  
Have all men true and leal, all women pure ;  
How, in the mouths of base interpreters,  
From over-fineness not intelligible  
To things with every sense as false and foul  
As the poached filth that floods the middle street,  
Is thy white blamelessness accounted blame ! ”

But Vivien deeming Merlin overborne  
By instance, recommenced, and let her tongue

Rage like a fire among the noblest names,  
Polluting, and imputing her whole self,  
Defaming and defacing, till she left  
Not even Lancelot brave, nor Galahad clean.

Her words had issue other than she willed.  
He dragged his eyebrow bushes down, and made  
A snowy penthouse for his hollow eyes,  
And muttered in himself, "Tell *her* the charm!  
So, if she had it, would she rail on me  
To snare the next, and if she have it not,  
So will she rail. What did the wanton say?  
'Not mount as high'; we scarce can sink as low:  
For men at most differ as Heaven and earth,  
But women, worst and best, as Heaven and Hell.  
I know the Table Round, my friends of old;  
All brave, and many generous, and some chaste.  
I think she cloaks the wounds of loss with lies;  
I do believe she tempted them and failed,  
She is so bitter: for fine plots may fail,  
Though harlots paint their talk as well as face  
With colors of the heart that are not theirs.  
I will not let her know: nine tithes of times  
Face-flatterers and backbiters are the same.

And they, sweet soul, that most impute a crime  
Are pronest to it, and impute themselves,  
Wanting the mental range; or low desire  
Not to feel lowest makes them level all;  
Yea, they would pare the mountain to the plain,  
To leave an equal baseness; and in this  
Are harlots like the crowd, that if they find  
Some stain or blemish in a name of note,  
Not grieving that their greatest are so small,  
Inflate themselves with some insane delight,  
And judge all nature from her feet of clay,  
Without the will to lift their eyes, and see  
Her godlike head crowned with spiritual fire,  
And touching other worlds. I am weary of her."

He spoke in words part heard, in whispers part,  
Half suffocated in the hoary fell  
And many-wintered fleece of throat and chin.  
But Vivien, gathering somewhat of his mood,  
And hearing "harlot" muttered twice or thrice,  
Leapt from her session on his lap, and stood  
Stiff as a viper frozen; loathsome sight,  
How from the rosy lips of life and love  
Flashed the bare-grinning skeleton of death!

White was her cheek ; sharp breaths of anger puffed  
Her fairy nostril out ; her hand half clenched  
Went faltering sideways downward to her belt,  
And feeling ; had she found a dagger there,  
(For in a wink the false love turns to hate,)  
She would have stabbed him ; but she found it not :  
His eye was calm, and suddenly she took  
To bitter weeping like a beaten child,  
A long, long weeping, not consolable.  
Then her false voice made way broken with sobs.

“O crueller than was ever told in tale,  
Or sung in song ! O vainly lavished love !  
O cruel, there was nothing wild or strange,  
Or seeming shameful, for what shame in love,  
So love be true, and not as yours is — nothing  
Poor Vivien had not done to win his trust  
Who called her what he called her — all her crime,  
All — all — the wish to prove him wholly hers.”

She mused a little, and then clapt her hands  
Together with a wailing shriek, and said :  
“Stabbed through the heart’s affections to the heart !  
Seethed like the kid in its own mother’s milk !



Killed with a word worse than a life of blows !  
I thought that he was gentle, being great :  
O God, that I had loved a smaller man !  
I should have found in him a greater heart.  
O, I, that flattering my true passion, saw  
The knights, the court, the king, dark in your light,  
Who loved to make men darker than they are,  
Because of that high pleasure which I had  
To seat you sole upon my pedestal  
Of worship — I am answered, and henceforth  
The course of life that seemed so flowery to me  
With you for guide and master, only you,  
Becomes the sea-cliff pathway broken short,  
And ending in a ruin — nothing left,  
But into some low cave to crawl, and there,  
If the wolf spare me, weep my life away,  
Killed with inutterable unkindliness."

She paused, she turned away, she hung her head,  
The snake of gold slid from her hair, the braid  
Slipt and uncoiled itself, she wept afresh,  
And the dark wood grew darker toward the storm  
In silence, while his anger slowly died  
Within him, till he let his wisdom go

For ease of heart, and half believed her true :  
Called her to shelter in the hollow oak,  
“ Come from the storm,” and having no reply,  
Gazed at the heaving shoulder, and the face  
Hand-hidden, as for utmost grief or shame ;  
Then thrice essayed, by tenderest-touching terms  
To sleek her ruffled peace of mind, in vain.  
At last she let herself be conquered by him,  
And as the cageling newly flown returns,  
The seeming-injured simple-hearted thing  
Came to her old perch back, and settled there.  
There while she sat, half falling from his knees,  
Half nestled at his heart, and since he saw  
The slow tear creep from her closed eyelid yet,  
About her, more in kindness than in love,  
The gentle wizard cast a shielding arm.  
But she dislinked herself at once and rose,  
Her arms upon her breast across, and stood  
A virtuous gentlewoman deeply wronged,  
Upright and flushed before him : then she said :

“ There must be now no passages of love  
Betwixt us twain henceforward evermore.  
Since, if I be what I am grossly called,

What should be granted which your own gross heart  
Would reckon worth the taking? I will go.  
In truth, but one thing now — better have died  
'Thrice than have asked it once — could make me stay —  
That proof of trust — so often asked in vain!  
How justly, after that vile term of yours,  
I find with grief! I might believe you then,  
Who knows? once more. O, what was once to me  
Mere matter of the fancy, now has grown  
The vast necessity of heart and life.  
Farewell: think kindly of me, for I fear  
My fate or fault, omitting gayer youth  
For one so old, must be to love you still.  
But ere I leave you let me swear once more  
That if I schemed against your peace in this,  
May yon just heaven, that darkens o'er me, send  
One flash, that, missing all things else, may make  
My scheming brain a cinder, if I lie."

Scarcely had she ceased, when out of heaven a bolt  
(For now the storm was close above them) struck,  
Furrowing a giant oak, and javelining  
With darted spikes and splinters of the wood  
The dark earth round. He raised his eyes and saw

The tree that shone white-listed through the gloom.  
But Vivien, fearing Heaven had heard her oath,  
And dazzled by the livid-flickering fork,  
And deafened with the stammering cracks and claps  
That followed, flying back and crying out,  
“O Merlin, though you do not love me, save,  
Yet save me!” clung to him and hugged him close;  
And called him dear protector in her fright,  
Nor yet forgot her practice in her fright,  
But wrought upon his mood and hugged him close.  
The pale blood of the wizard at her touch  
Took gayer colors, like an opal warmed.  
She blamed herself for telling hearsay tales:  
She shook from fear, and for her fault she wept  
Of petulancy; she called him lord and liege,  
Her seer, her bard, her silver star of eve,  
Her God, her Merlin, the one passionate love  
Of her whole life; and ever overhead  
Bellowed the tempest, and the rotten branch  
Snapt in the rushing of the river-rain  
Above them; and in change of glare and gloom  
Her eyes and neck glittering went and came;  
Till now the storm, its burst of passion spent,  
Moaning and calling out of other lands,

Had left the ravaged woodland yet once more  
To peace ; and what should not have been had been  
For Merlin, overtalked and overworn,  
Had yielded, told her all the charm, and slept.

Then, in one moment, she put forth the charm  
Of woven paces and of waving hands,  
And in the hollow oak he lay as dead,  
And lost to life and use and name and fame.

Then crying, " I have made his glory mine,"  
And shrieking out, " O fool ! " the harlot leapt  
Adown the forest, and the thicket closed  
Behind her, and the forest echoed, " Fool ! "



EL A I N E .





## ELAINE.

ELAINE the fair, Elaine the lovable,  
Elaine, the lily maid of Astolat,  
High in her chamber up a tower to the East  
Guarded the sacred shield of Lancelot ;  
Which first she placed where morning's earliest ray  
Might strike it, and awake her with the gleam ;  
Then fearing rust or soilure fashioned for it  
A case of silk, and braided thereupon  
All the devices blazoned on the shield  
In their own tinct, and added, of her wit,  
A border fantasy of branch and flower,  
And yellow-throated nestling in the nest.  
Nor rested thus content, but day by day  
Leaving her household and good father climbed  
That eastern tower, and entering barred her door,  
Stript off the case, and read the naked shield,

Now guessed a hidden meaning in his arms,  
Now made a pretty history to herself  
Of every dint a sword had beaten in it,  
And every scratch a lance had made upon it,  
Conjecturing when and where : his cut is fresh ;  
That ten years back ; this dealt him at Caerlyle ;  
That at Caerleon ; this at Camelot :  
And ah God's mercy what a stroke was there !  
And here a thrust that might have killed, but God  
Broke the strong lance, and rolled his enemy down,  
And saved him : so she lived in fantasy.

How came the lily maid by that good shield  
Of Lancelot, she that knew not ev'n his name ?  
He left it with her, when he rode to tilt  
For the great diamond in the diamond jousts,  
Which Arthur had ordained, and by that name  
Had named them, since a diamond was the prize.

For Arthur when none knew from whence he came,  
Long ere the people chose him for their king,  
Roving the trackless realms of Lyonnese,  
Had found a glen, gray boulder and black tarn.  
A horror lived about the tarn, and clave

Like its own mists to all the mountain side :  
For here two brothers, one a king, had met  
And fought together ; but their names were lost.  
And each had slain his brother at a blow,  
And down they fell and made the glen abhorred :  
And there they lay till all their bones were bleached,  
And lichened into color with the crags :  
And one of these, the king, had on a crown  
Of diamonds, one in front, and four aside.  
And Arthur came, and laboring up the pass  
All in a misty moonshine, unawares  
Had trodden that crowned skeleton, and the skull  
Brake from the nape, and from the skull the crown  
Rolled into light, and turning on its rims  
Fled like a glittering rivulet to the tarn :  
And down the shingly scaur he plunged and caught,  
And set it on his head, and in his heart  
Heard murmurs, " Lo, thou likewise shalt be king."

Thereafter, when a king, he had the gems  
Plucked from the crown, and showed them to his knights,  
Saying, " These jewels, whereupon I chanced  
Divinely, are the kingdom's, not the king's —  
For public use : henceforward let there be,

Once every year, a joust for one of these :  
For so by nine years' proof we needs must learn  
Which is our mightiest, and ourselves shall grow  
In use of arms and manhood, till we drive  
The Heathen, who, some say, shall rule the land  
Hereafter, which God hinder." Thus he spoke :  
And eight years past, eight jousts had been, and still  
Had Lancelot won the diamond of the year,  
With purpose to present them to the Queen,  
When all were won ; but meaning all at once  
To snare her royal fancy with a boon  
Worth half her realm, had never spoken word.

Now for the central diamond and the last  
And largest, Arthur, holding then his court  
Hard on the river nigh the place which now  
Is this world's hugest, let proclaim a joust  
At Camelot, and when the time drew nigh  
Spake (for she had been sick) to Guinevere,  
"Are you so sick, my Queen, you cannot move  
To these fair jousts?" "Yea, lord," she said, "you  
know it."

"Then will you miss," he answered, "the great deeds  
Of Lancelot, and his prowess in the lists,

A sight you love to look on." And the Queen  
Lifted her eyes, and they dwelt languidly  
On Lancelot, where he stood beside the king.  
He thinking that he read her meaning there,  
"Stay with me, I am sick; my love is more  
Than many diamonds," yielded, and a heart,  
Love-loyal to the least wish of the Queen,  
(However much he yearned to make complete  
The tale of diamonds for his destined boon,)  
Urged him to speak against the truth, and say,  
"Sir King, mine ancient wound is hardly whole,  
And lets me from the saddle"; and the king  
Glanced first at him, then her, and went his way.  
No sooner gone than suddenly she began.

"To blame, my lord Sir Lancelot, much to blame.  
Why go you not to these fair jousts? the knights  
Are half of them our enemies, and the crowd  
Will murmur, Lo the shameless ones, who take  
Their pastime now the trustful king is gone!"  
Then Lancelot vext at having lied in vain:  
"Are you so wise? you were not once so wise,  
My Queen, that summer, when you loved me first.  
Then of the crowd you took no more account

Than of the myriad cricket of the mead,  
When its own voice clings to each blade of grass,  
And every voice is nothing. As to knights,  
Them surely can I silence with all ease.  
But now my loyal worship is allowed  
Of all men : many a bard, without offence,  
Has linked our names together in his lay,  
Lancelot, the flower of bravery, Guinevere,  
The pearl of beauty : and our knights at feast  
Have pledged us in this union, while the king  
Would listen smiling. How then ? is there more ?  
Has Arthur spoken aught ? or would yourself,  
Now weary of my service and devoir,  
Henceforth be truer to your faultless lord ? ”

She broke into a little scornful laugh.  
“ Arthur, my lord, Arthur, the faultless king,  
That passionate perfection, my good lord —  
But who can gaze upon the Sun in heaven ?  
He never spake word of reproach to me,  
He never had a glimpse of mine untruth,  
He cares not for me : only here to-day  
There gleamed a vague suspicion in his eyes :  
Some meddling rogue has tampered with him — else

Rapt in this fancy of his Table Round,  
And swearing men to vows impossible,  
To make them like himself: but, friend, to me  
He is all fault who hath no fault at all:  
For who loves me must have a touch of earth;  
The low sun makes the color: I am yours,  
Not Arthur's, as you know, save by the bond.  
And therefore hear my words: go to the jousts:  
The tiny-trumpeting gnat can break our dream  
When sweetest; and the vermin voices here  
May buzz so loud — we scorn them, but they sting.”

Then answered Lancelot, the chief of knights.  
“And with what face, after my pretext made,  
Shall I appear, O Queen, at Camelot, I  
Before a king who honors his own word,  
As if it were his God's?”

“Yea,” said the Queen,  
“A moral child without the craft to rule,  
Else had he not lost me: but listen to me,  
If I must find you wit: we hear it said  
That men go down before your spear at a touch  
But knowing you are Lancelot; your great name,

This conquers : hide it therefore ; go unknown :  
Win ! by this kiss you will : and our true king  
Will then allow your pretext, O my knight,  
As all for glory ; for to speak him true,  
You know right well, how meek soe'er he seem,  
No keener hunter after glory breathes.  
He loves it in his knights more than himself :  
They prove to him his work : win and return."

Then got Sir Lancelot suddenly to horse,  
Wroth at himself: not willing to be known,  
He left the barren-beaten thoroughfare,  
Chose the green path that showed the rarer foot,  
And there among the solitary downs,  
Full often lost in fancy, lost his way,  
Till as he traced a faintly-shadowed track,  
That all in loops and links among the dales  
Ran to the Castle of Astolat, he saw  
Fired from the west, far on a hill, the towers.  
Thither he made and wound the gateway horn.  
Then came an old dumb, myriad-wrinkled man,  
Who let him into lodging and disarmed.  
And Lancelot marvelled at the wordless man :  
And issuing found the Lord of Astolat



With two strong sons, Sir Torre and Sir Lavaine,  
Moving to meet him in the castle court :  
And close behind them stept the lily maid  
Elaine, his daughter : mother of the house  
There was not : some light jest among them rose  
With laughter dying down as the great knight  
Approached them : then the Lord of Astolat.  
“ Whence comest thou, my guest, and by what name  
Livest between the lips ? for by thy state  
And presence I might guess thee chief of those,  
After the king, who eat in Arthur’s halls.  
Him have I seen : the rest, his Table Round,  
Known as they are, to me they are unknown.”

Then answered Lancelot, the chief of knights.  
“ Known am I, and of Arthur’s hall, and known,  
What I by mere mischance have brought, my shield.  
But since I go to joust as one unknown  
At Camelot for the diamond, ask me not,  
Hereafter you shall know me — and the shield —  
I pray you lend me one, if such you have,  
Blank, or at least with some device not mine.”

Then said the Lord of Astolat, “ Here is Torre’s :

Hurt in his first tilt was my son, Sir Torre.  
And so, God wot, his shield is blank enough.  
His you can have." Then added plain Sir Torre,  
"Yea, since I cannot use it, you may have it."  
Here laughed the father, saying, "Fie, Sir Churl,  
Is that an answer for a noble knight?  
Allow him: but Lavaine, my younger here,  
He is so full of lustihood, he will ride  
Joust for it, and win, and bring it in an hour  
And set it in this damsel's golden hair,  
To make her thrice as wilful as before."

"Nay, father, nay, good father, shame me not  
Before this noble knight," said young Lavaine,  
"For nothing. Surely I but played on Torre:  
He seemed so sullen, vext he could not go:  
A jest, no more: for, knight, the maiden dreamt  
That some one put this diamond in her hand,  
And that it was too slippery to be held,  
And slipt and fell into some pool or stream,  
The castle-well, belike; and then I said  
That *if* I went and *if* I fought and won it  
(But all was jest and joke among ourselves)  
Then must she keep it safelier. All was jest.

But father give me leave, an if he will,  
To ride to Camelot with this noble knight :  
Win shall I not, but do my best to win :  
Young as I am, yet would I do my best."

" So you will grace me," answered Lancelot,  
Smiling a moment, " with your fellowship  
O'er these waste downs whereon I lost myself,  
Then were I glad of you as guide and friend ;  
And you shall win this diamond, — as I hear  
It is a fair large diamond, — if you may,  
And yield it to this maiden, if you will."

" A fair large diamond," added plain Sir Torre,  
" Such be for Queens and not for simple maids."

Then she, who held her eyes upon the ground,  
Elaine, and heard her name so tost about,  
Flushed slightly at the slight disparagement  
Before the stranger knight, who, looking at her,  
Full courtly, yet not falsely, thus returned.

" If what is fair be but for what is fair,  
And only Queens are to be counted so,  
Rash were my judgment then, who deem this maid  
Might wear as fair a jewel as is on earth,  
Not violating the bond of like to like."

He spoke and ceased : the lily maid Elaine,  
Won by the mellow voice before she looked,  
Lifted her eyes, and read his lineaments.  
The great and guilty love he bare the Queen,  
In battle with the love he bare his lord,  
Had marred his face, and marked it ere his time.  
Another sinning at such height, with one,  
The flower of all the West and all the world,  
Had been the sleeker for it : but in him  
His mood was often like a fiend, and rose  
And drove him into wastes and solitudes  
For agony, who was yet a living soul.  
Marred as he was, he seemed the goodliest man,  
That ever among ladies ate in Hall,  
And noblest, when she lifted up her eyes.  
However marred, of more than twice her years,  
Seamed with an ancient sword-cut on the cheek,  
And bruised and bronzed, she lifted up her eyes  
And loved him, with that love which was her doom.

Then the great knight, the darling of the court,  
Loved of the loveliest, into that rude hall  
Stept with all grace, and not with half disdain  
Hid under grace, as in a smaller time,

But kindly man moving among his kind :  
Whom they with meats and vintage of their best  
And talk and minstrel melody entertained.  
And much they asked of court and Table Round,  
And ever well and readily answered he :  
But Lancelot, when they glanced at Guinevere,  
Suddenly speaking of the wordless man,  
Heard from the Baron that, ten years before,  
The heathen caught and reft him of his tongue.  
“ He learnt and warned me of their fierce design  
Against my house, and him they caught and maimed ;  
But I, my sons and little daughter fled  
From bonds or death, and dwelt among the woods  
By the great river in a boatman’s hut.  
Dull days were those, till our good Arthur broke  
The Pagan yet once more on Badon hill.”

“ O there, great Lord, doubtless,” Lavaine said, rapt  
By all the sweet and sudden passion of youth  
Toward greatness in its elder, “ you have fought.  
O tell us ; for we live apart — you know  
Of Arthur’s glorious wars.” And Lancelot spoke  
And answered him at full, as having been  
With Arthur in the fight which all day long

Rang by the white mouth of the violent Glem ;  
And in the four wild battles by the shore  
Of Duglas ; that on Bassa ; then the war  
That thundered in and out the gloomy skirts  
Of Celidon the forest ; and again  
By castle Gurnion where the glorious king  
Had on his cuirass worn our Lady's Head,  
Carved of one emerald, centered in a sun  
Of silver rays, that lightened as he breathed ;  
And at Caerleon had he helped his lord,  
When the strong neighings of the wild white Horse  
Set every gilded parapet shuddering ;  
And up in Agned Cathregonion too,  
And down the waste sand-shores of Trath Treroit,  
Where many a heathen fell ; “and on the mount  
Of Badon I myself beheld the king  
Charge at the head of all his Table Round,  
And all his legions crying Christ and him,  
And break them ; and I saw him, after, stand  
High on a heap of slain, from spur to plume  
Red as the rising sun with heathen blood,  
And seeing me, with a great voice he cried,  
‘They are broken, they are broken,’ for the king,  
However mild he seems at home, nor cares

For triumph in our mimic wars, the jousts —  
For if his own knight cast him down, he laughs,  
Saying, his knights are better men than he —  
Yet in this heathen war the fire of God  
Fills him : I never saw his like : there lives  
No greater leader."

While he uttered this,  
Low to her own heart said the lily maid,  
"Save your great self, fair lord"; and when he fell  
From talk of war to traits of pleasantry —  
Being mirthful he, but in a stately kind —  
She still took note that when the living smile  
Died from his lips, across him came a cloud  
Of melancholy severe, from which again,  
Whenever in her hovering to and fro  
The lily maid had striven to make him cheer,  
There brake a sudden-beaming tenderness  
Of manners and of nature : and she thought  
That all was nature, all, perchance, for her.  
And all night long his face before her lived,  
As when a painter, poring on a face,  
Divinely through all hindrance finds the man  
Behind it, and so paints him that his face,

The shape and color of a mind and life,  
Lives for his children, ever at its best  
And fullest ; so the face before her lived,  
Dark-splendid, speaking in the silence, full  
Of noble things, and held her from her sleep.  
Till rathe she rose, half cheated in the thought  
She needs must bid farewell to sweet Lavaine.  
First as in fear, step after step, she stole  
Down the long tower-stairs, hesitating :  
Anon, she heard Sir Lancelot cry in the court,  
“ This shield, my friend, where is it ? ” and Lavaine  
Past inward, as she came from out the tower.  
There to his proud horse Lancelot turned, and smoothed  
The glossy shoulder, humming to himself.  
Half envious of the flattering hand, she drew  
Nearer and stood. He looked, and more amazed  
Than if seven men had set upon him, saw  
The maiden standing in the dewy light.  
He had not dreamed she was so beautiful.  
Then came on him a sort of sacred fear,  
For silent, though he greeted her, she stood  
Rapt on his face as if it were a God’s.  
Suddenly flashed on her a wild desire,  
That he should wear her favor at the tilt.



She braved a riotous heart in asking for it.

“Fair lord, whose name I know not, — noble it is,

I well believe, the noblest, — will you wear

My favor at this tourney?” “Nay,” said he,

“Fair lady, since I never yet have worn

Favor of any lady in the lists.

Such is my wont, as those, who know me, know.”

“Yea, so,” she answered; “then in wearing mine

Needs must be lesser likelihood, noble lord,

That those who know should know you.” And he turned

Her counsel up and down within his mind,

And found it true, and answered, “True, my child.

Well, I will wear it: fetch it out to me:

What is it?” and she told him, “A red sleeve

Broidered with pearls,” and brought it: then he bound

Her token on his helmet, with a smile,

Saying, “I never yet have done so much

For any maiden living,” and the blood

Sprang to her face and filled her with delight;

But left her all the paler, when Lavaine

Returning brought the yet-unblazoned shield,

His brother’s; which he gave to Lancelot,

Who parted with his own to fair Elaine;

“Do me this grace, my child, to have my shield

In keeping till I come." "A grace to me,"  
She answered, "twice to-day. I am your Squire."  
Whereat Lavaine said laughing, "Lily maid,  
For fear our people call you lily maid  
In earnest, let me bring your color back;  
Once, twice, and thrice: now get you hence to bed":  
So kissed her, and Sir Lancelot his own hand,  
And thus they moved away: she stayed a minute,  
Then made a sudden step to the gate, and there —  
Her bright hair blown about the serious face  
Yet rosy-kindled with her brother's kiss —  
Paused in the gateway, standing by the shield  
In silence, while she watched their arms far-off  
Sparkle, until they dipt below the downs.

Then to her tower she climbed, and took the shield,  
There kept it, and so lived in fantasy.

Meanwhile the new companions past away  
Far o'er the long backs of the bushless downs,  
To where Sir Lancelot knew there lived a knight  
Not far from Camelot, now for forty years  
A hermit, who had prayed, labored and prayed,  
And ever laboring had scooped himself

In the white rock a chapel and a hall  
On massive columns, like a shorecliff cave,  
And cells and chambers : all were fair and dry ;  
The green light from the meadows underneath  
Struck up and lived along the milky roofs ;  
And in the meadows tremulous aspen-trees  
And poplars made a noise of falling showers.  
And thither wending there that night they bode.

But when the next day broke from underground,  
And shot red fire and shadows through the cave,  
They rose, heard mass, broke fast, and rode away :  
Then Lancelot saying, "Hear, but hold my name  
Hidden, you ride with Lancelot of the lake,"  
Abashed Lavaine, whose instant reverence,  
Dearer to true young hearts than their own praise,  
But left him leave to stammer, "Is it indeed ?"  
And after muttering "the great Lancelot,"  
At last he got his breath and answered, "One,  
One have I seen — that other, our liege lord,  
The dread Pendragon, Britain's king of kings,  
Of whom the people talk mysteriously,  
He will be there — then were I stricken blind  
That minute, I might say that I had seen."

So spake Lavaine, and when they reached the lists  
By Camelot in the meadow, let his eyes  
Run through the peopled gallery which half round  
Lay like a rainbow fall'n upon the grass,  
Until they found the clear-faced king, who sat  
Robed in red samite, easily to be known,  
Since to his crown the golden dragon clung,  
And down his robe the dragon writhed in gold,  
And from the earven-work behind him crept  
Two dragons gilded, sloping down to make  
Arms for his chair, while all the rest of them  
Through knots and loops and folds innumerable  
Fled ever through the woodwork, till they found  
The new design wherein they lost themselves,  
Yet with all ease, so tender was the work :  
And, in the costly canopy o'er him set,  
Blazed the last diamond of the nameless king.  
Then Lancelot answered young Lavaine and said,  
"Me you call great : mine is the firmer seat,  
The truer lance : but there is many a youth  
Now crescent, who will come to all I am  
And overcome it ; and in me there dwells  
No greatness, save it be some far-off touch  
Of greatness to know well I am not great :

There is the man." And Lavaine gaped upon him  
As on a thing miraculous, and anon  
The trumpets blew ; and then did either side,  
They that assailed, and they that held the lists,  
Set lance in rest, strike spur, suddenly move,  
Meet in the midst, and there so furiously  
Shock, that a man far-off might well perceive,  
If any man that day were left afield,  
The hard earth shake, and a low thunder of arms.  
And Lancelot bode a little, till he saw  
Which were the weaker ; then he hurled into it  
Against the stronger : little need to speak  
Of Lancelot in his glory : king, duke, earl,  
Count, baron — whom he smote, he overthrew.

But in the field were Lancelot's kith and kin,  
Ranged with the Table Round that held the lists,  
Strong men, and wrathful that a stranger knight  
Should do and almost overdo the deeds  
Of Lancelot ; and one said to the other, " Lo !  
What is he ? I do not mean the force alone,  
The grace and versatility of the man —  
Is it not Lancelot ? " " When has Lancelot worn  
Favor of any lady in the lists ?

Not such his wont, as we, that know him, know.”  
“How then? who then?” a fury seized on them,  
A fiery family passion for the name  
Of Lancelot, and a glory one with theirs.  
They couched their spears and pricked their steeds and  
thus,  
Their plumes driv’n backward by the wind they made  
In moving, all together down upon him  
Bare, as a wild wave in the wide North-Sea,  
Green-glimmering toward the summit, bears, with all  
Its stormy crests that smoke against the skies,  
Down on a bark, and overbears the bark,  
And him that helms it, as they overbore  
Sir Lancelot and his charger, and a spear  
Down-glancing lamed the charger, and a spear  
Prickt sharply his own cuirass, and the head  
Pierced through his side, and there snapt, and remained.

Then Sir Lavaine did well and worshipfully;  
He bore a knight of old repute to the earth,  
And brought his horse to Lancelot where he lay.  
He up the side, sweating with agony, got,  
But thought to do while he might yet endure,  
And being lustily holpen by the rest,

His party — though it seemed half miracle  
To those he fought with — drave his kith and kin,  
And all the Table Round that held the lists,  
Back to the barrier ; then the heralds blew  
Proclaiming his the prize, who wore the sleeve  
Of scarlet, and the pearls ; and all the knights,  
His party, cried, “ Advance, and take your prize,  
The diamond ” ; but he answered, “ Diamond me  
No diamonds ! for God’s love, a little air !  
Prize me no prizes, for my prize is death !  
Hence will I, and I charge you, follow me not.”

He spoke, and vanished suddenly from the field  
With young Lavaine into the poplar grove.  
There from his charger down he slid, and sat,  
Gasping to Sir Lavaine, “ Draw the lance-head ” :  
“ Ah my sweet lord Sir Lancelot,” said Lavaine,  
“ I dread me, if I draw it, you will die.”  
But he, “ I die already with it : draw —  
Draw ” — and Lavaine drew, and that other gave  
A marvellous great shriek and ghastly groan,  
And half his blood burst forth, and down he sank  
For the pure pain, and wholly swooned away.  
Then came the hermit out and bare him in,

There stanch'd his wound ; and there, in daily doubt  
Whether to live or die, for many a week  
Hid from the wide world's rumor by the grove  
Of poplars with their noise of falling showers,  
And ever-tremulous aspen-trees, he lay.

But on that day when Lancelot fled the lists,  
His party, knights of utmost North and West,  
Lords of waste marches, kings of desolate isles,  
Came round their great Pendragon, saying to him,  
“Lo, Sire, our knight through whom we won the day  
Hath gone sore wounded, and hath left his prize  
Untaken, crying that his prize is death.”  
“Heaven hinder,” said the king, “that such an one,  
So great a knight as we have seen to-day—  
He seem'd to me another Lancelot—  
Yea, twenty times I thought him Lancelot—  
He must not pass uncared for. Gawain, rise,  
My nephew, and ride forth and find the knight.  
Wounded and wearied needs must he be near.  
I charge you that you get at once to horse.  
And, knights and kings, there breathes not one of you  
Will deem this prize of ours is rashly given :  
His prowess was too wondrous. We will do him



No customary honor: since the knight  
Came not to us, of us to claim the prize,  
Ourselves will send it after. Wherefore take  
This diamond, and deliver it, and return,  
And bring us what he is and how he fares,  
And cease not from your quest until you find."

So saying, from the carven flower above,  
To which it made a restless heart, he took,  
And gave, the diamond: then from where he sat  
At Arthur's right, with smiling face arose,  
With smiling face and frowning heart, a Prince  
In the mid might and flourish of his May,  
Gawain, surnamed The Courteous, fair and strong,  
And after Lancelot, Tristram, and Geraint  
And Lamorack, a good knight, but therewithal  
Sir Modred's brother, of a crafty house,  
Nor often loyal to his word, and now  
Wroth that the king's command to sally forth  
In quest of whom he knew not, made him leave  
The banquet, and concourse of knights and kings.

So all in wrath he got to horse and went;  
While Arthur to the banquet, dark in mood,

Past, thinking, "Is it Lancelot who has come  
Despite the wound he spake of, all for gain  
Of glory, and has added wound to wound,  
And ridd'n away to die?" So feared the king,  
And, after two days' tarriance there, returned.  
Then when he saw the Queen, embracing asked,  
"Love, are you yet so sick?" "Nay, lord," she said.  
"And where is Lancelot?" then the Queen amazed,  
"Was he not with you? won he not your prize?"  
"Nay, but one like him." "Why, that like was he."  
And when the king demanded how she knew,  
Said, "Lord, no sooner had you parted from us,  
Than Lancelot told me of a common talk  
That men went down before his spear at a touch,  
But knowing he was Lancelot; his great name  
Conquered; and therefore would he hide his name  
From all men, ev'n the king, and to this end  
Had made the pretext of a hindering wound,  
That he might joust unknown of all, and learn  
If his old prowess were in aught decayed:  
And added, 'Our true Arthur, when he learns,  
Will well allow my pretext, as for gain  
Of purer glory.'"

Then replied the king :

“ Far lovelier in our Lancelot had it been,  
In lieu of idly dallying with the truth,  
To have trusted me as he has trusted you.  
Surely his king and most familiar friend  
Might well have kept his secret. True, indeed,  
Albeit I know my knights fantastical,  
So fine a feat in our large Lancelot  
Must needs have moved my laughter : now remains  
But little cause for laughter : his own kin —  
Ill news, my Queen, for all who love him, these !  
His kith and kin, not knowing, set upon him ;  
So that he went sore wounded from the field ;  
Yet good news too : for goodly hopes are mine  
That Lancelot is no more a lonely heart.  
He wore, against his wont, upon his helm  
A sleeve of scarlet, brodered with great pearls,  
Some gentle maiden’s gift.”

“ Yea, lord,” she said,

“ Your hopes are mine,” and saying that she choked,  
And sharply turned about to hide her face,  
Moved to her chamber, and there flung herself  
Down on the great king’s couch, and writhed upon it,

And clenched her fingers till they bit the palm,  
And shrieked out "traitor" to the unhearing wall,  
Then flashed into wild tears, and rose again,  
And moved about her palace, proud and pale.

Gawain the while through all the region round  
Rode with his diamond, wearied of the quest,  
Touched at all points, except the poplar grove,  
And came at last, though late, to Astolat:  
Whom glittering in enamelled arms the maid  
Glanced at, and cried, "What news from Camelot, lord?  
What of the knight with the red sleeve?" "He won."  
"I knew it," she said. "But parted from the jousts  
Hurt in the side," whereat she caught her breath;  
Through her own side she felt the sharp lance go;  
Thereon she smote her hand: well-nigh she swooned:  
And, while he gazed wonderingly at her, came  
The lord of Astolat out, to whom the Prince  
Reported who he was, and on what quest  
Sent, that he bore the prize and could not find  
The victor, but had ridden wildly round  
To seek him, and was wearied of the search.  
To whom the Lord of Astolat, "Bide with us  
And ride no longer wildly, noble Prince!

Here was the knight, and here he left a shield ;  
This will he send or come for : furthermore  
Our son is with him ; we shall hear anon,  
Needs must we hear." To this the courteous Prince  
Accorded with his wonted courtesy,  
Courtesy with a touch of traitor in it,  
And stayed ; and cast his eyes on fair Elaine —  
Where could be found face daintier ? then her shape  
From forehead down to foot perfect — again  
From foot to forehead exquisitely turned :  
" Well — if I bide, lo ! this wild flower for me !"  
And oft they met among the garden yews,  
And there he set himself to play upon her,  
With sallying wit, free flashes from a height  
Above her, graces of the court, and songs,  
Sighs, and slow smiles, and golden eloquence  
And amorous adulation, till the maid  
Rebelled against it, saying to him, " Prince,  
O loyal nephew of our noble king,  
Why ask you not to see the shield he left,  
Whence you might learn his name ? Why slight your  
king,  
And lose the quest he sent you on, and prove  
No surer than our falcon yesterday,

Who lost the henn we slipt him at, and went  
To all the winds?" "Nay, by mine head," said he,  
"I lose it, as we lose the lark in heaven,  
O damsel, in the light of your blue eyes :  
But an you will it let me see the shield."  
And when the shield was brought, and Gawain saw  
Sir Lancelot's azure lions, crowned with gold,  
Ramp in the field, he smote his thigh, and mocked :  
"Right was the King! our Lancelot! that true man!"  
"And right was I," she answered merrily, "I,  
Who dreamed my knight the greatest knight of all."  
"And if *I* dreamed," said Gawain, "that you love  
This greatest knight, your pardon! lo, you know it!  
Speak therefore: shall I waste myself in vain?"  
Full simple was her answer, "What know I?  
My brethren have been all my fellowship,  
And I, when often they have talked of love,  
Wished it had been my mother, for they talked,  
Meseemed, of what they knew not; so myself—  
I know not if I know what true love is,  
But if I know, then, if I love not him,  
Methinks there is none other I can love."  
"Yea, by God's death," said he, "you love him well,  
But would not, knew you what all others know,

And whom he loves." "So be it," cried Elaine,  
And lifted her fair face and moved away :  
But he pursued her, calling, " Bide awhile !  
One golden minute's grace : he wore your sleeve :  
Would he break faith with one I may not name ?  
Must our true man change like a leaf at last ?  
May it be so ? why then, far be it from me  
To cross our mighty Lancelot in his loves !  
And, damsel, for I deem you know full well  
Where your great knight is hidden, let me leave  
My quest with you ; the diamond also : here !  
For if you love, it will be sweet to give it ;  
And if he love, it will be sweet to have it  
From your own hand ; and whether he love or not,  
A diamond is a diamond. Fare you well  
A thousand times !—a thousand times farewell !  
Yet, if he love, and his love hold, we two  
May meet at court hereafter : there, I think,  
So you will learn the courtesies of the court,  
We two shall know each other."

Then he gave,  
And slightly kissed the hand to which he gave,  
The diamond, and all wearied of the quest

Leapt on his horse, and carolling as he went  
A true-love ballad, lightly rode away.

Thence to the court he past ; there told the king,  
What the king knew, " Sir Lancelot is the knight."  
And added, " Sire, my liege, so much I learnt ;  
But failed to find him though I rode all round  
The region : but I lighted on the maid,  
Whose sleeve he wore ; she loves him : to this maid  
Deeming our courtesy is the truest law  
I gave the diamond : she will render it ;  
For by mine head she knows his hiding-place."

The seldom-frowning king frowned, and replied,  
" Too courteous truly ! you shall go no more  
On quest of mine, seeing that you forget  
Obedience is the courtesy due to kings."

He spake and parted. Wroth but all in awe,  
For twenty strokes of the blood, without a word,  
Lingered that other, staring after him ;  
Then shook his hair, strode off, and buzzed abroad  
About the maid of Astolat, and her love.  
All ears were pricked at once, all tongues were loosed :



“The maid of Astolat loves Sir Lancelot,  
Sir Lancelot loves the maid of Astolat.”  
Some read the King’s face, some the Queen’s, and all  
Had marvel what the maid might be, but most  
Predoomed her as unworthy. One old dame  
Came suddenly on the Queen with the sharp news.  
She, that had heard the noise of it before,  
But sorrowing Lancelot should have stooped so low,  
Marred her friend’s point with pale tranquillity.  
So ran the tale like fire about the court,  
Fire in dry stubble a nine days’ wonder flared:  
Till ev’n the knights at banquet twice or thrice  
Forgot to drink to Lancelot and the Queen,  
And pledging Lancelot and the lily maid  
Smiled at each other, while the Queen who sat  
With lips severely placid felt the knot  
Climb in her throat, and with her feet unseen  
Crushed the wild passion out against the floor  
Beneath the banquet, where the meats became  
As wormwood, and she hated all who pledged.

But far away the maid in Astolat,  
Her guiltless rival, she that ever kept  
The one-day-seen Sir Lancelot in her heart,

Crept to her father, while he mused alone,  
Sat on his knee, stroked his gray face and said,  
“ Father, you call me wilful, and the fault  
Is yours, who let me have my will, and now,  
Sweet father, will you let me lose my wits ? ”  
“ Nay,” said he, “ surely.” “ Wherefore let me hence,”  
She answered, “ and find out our dear Lavaine.”  
“ You will not lose your wits for dear Lavaine :  
Bide,” answered he : “ we needs must hear anon  
Of him, and of that other.” “ Ay,” she said,  
“ And of that other, for I needs must hence  
And find that other, wheresoe’er he be,  
And with mine own hand give his diamond to him,  
Lest I be found as faithless in the quest  
As yon proud prince who left the quest to me.  
Sweet father, I behold him in my dreams  
Gaunt as it were the skeleton of himself,  
Death-pale, for lack of gentle maiden’s aid.  
The gentler-born the maiden, the more bound,  
My father, to be sweet and serviceable  
To noble knights in sickness, as you know,  
When these have worn their tokens : let me hence  
I pray you.” Then her father nodding said,  
“ Ay, ay, the diamond : wit you well, my child,

Right fain were I to learn this knight were whole,  
Being our greatest : yea, and you must give it —  
And sure I think this fruit is hung too high  
For any mouth to gape for save a Queen's —  
Nay, I mean nothing : so then, get you gone,  
Being so very wilful you must go."

Lightly, her suit allowed, she slept away.  
And while she made her ready for her ride,  
Her father's latest word hummed in her ear,  
" Being so very wilful you must go,"  
And changed itself and echoed in her heart,  
" Being so very wilful you must die."  
But she was happy enough and shook it off,  
As we shake off the bee that buzzes at us ;  
And in her heart she answered it and said,  
" What matter, so I help him back to life ? "  
Then far away with good Sir Torre for guide  
Rode o'er the long backs of the bushless downs  
To Camelot, and before the city-gates  
Came on her brother with a happy face  
Making a roan horse caper and curvet  
For pleasure all about a field of flowers :  
Whom when she saw, " Lavaine," she cried, " Lavaine,

How fares my lord Sir Lancelot ?” He amazed,  
“ Torre and Elaine ! why here ? Sir Lancelot !  
How know you my lord’s name is Lancelot ? ”  
But when the maid had told him all her tale,  
Then turned Sir Torre, and being in his moods  
Left them, and under the strange-statued gate,  
Where Arthur’s wars were rendered mystically,  
Past up the still rich city to his kin,  
His own far blood, which dwelt at Camelot ;  
And her Lavaine across the poplar grove  
Led to the caves : there first she saw the casque  
Of Lancelot on the wall : her scarlet sleeve,  
Though carved and cut, and half the pearls away,  
Streamed from it still ; and in her heart she laughed,  
Because he had not loosed it from his helm,  
But meant once more perchance to tourney in it.  
And when they gained the cell in which he slept,  
His battle-writhen arms and mighty hands  
Lay naked on the wolf-skin, and a dream  
Of dragging down his enemy made them move.  
Then she that saw him lying unsleek, unshorn,  
Gaunt as it were the skeleton of himself,  
Uttered a little tender dolorous cry.  
The sound not wonted in a place so still

Woke the sick knight, and while he rolled his eyes  
Yet blank from sleep, she started to him, saying,  
“Your prize, the diamond sent yon by the king” :  
His eyes glistened : she fancied, “Is it for me ?”  
And when the maid had told him all the tale  
Of king and prince, the diamond sent, the quest  
Assigned to her not worthy of it, she knelt  
Full lowly by the corners of his bed,  
And laid the diamond in his open hand.  
Her face was near, and as we kiss the child  
That does the task assigned, he kissed her face.  
At once she slipt like water to the floor.  
“Alas,” he said, “your ride has wearied you.  
Rest must you have.” “No rest for me,” she said ;  
“Nay, for near you, fair lord, I am at rest.”  
What might she mean by that ? his large black eyes,  
Yet larger through his leanness, dwelt upon her,  
Till all her heart’s sad secret blazed itself  
In the heart’s colors on her simple face ;  
And Lancelot looked and was perplexed in mind,  
And being weak in body said no more ;  
But did not love the color ; woman’s love,  
Save one, he not regarded, and so turned  
Sighing, and feigned a sleep until he slept.

Then rose Elaine and glided through the fields,  
And past beneath the wildly-sculptured gates  
Far up the dim rich city to her kin;  
There bode the night: but woke with dawn, and past  
Down through the dim rich city to the fields,  
Thence to the cave: so day by day she past  
In either twilight ghost-like to and fro  
Gliding, and every day she tended him,  
And likewise many a night: and Lancelot  
Would, though he called his wound a little hurt  
Whereof he should be quickly whole, at times  
Brain-feverous in his heat and agony, seem  
Uncourteous, even he: but the meek maid  
Sweetly forbore him ever, being to him  
Meeker than any child to a rough nurse,  
Milder than any mother to a sick child,  
And never woman yet, since man's first fall,  
Did kindlier unto man, but her deep love  
Upbore her; till the hermit, skilled in all  
The simples and the science of that time,  
Told him that her fine care had saved his life.  
And the sick man forgot her simple blush,  
Would call her friend and sister, sweet Elaine,  
Would listen for her coming, and regret

Her parting step, and held her tenderly,  
And loved her with all love except the love  
Of man and woman when they love their best  
Closest and sweetest, and had died the death  
In any knightly fashion for her sake.  
And peradventure had he seen her first  
She might have made this and that other world  
Another world for the sick man; but now  
The shackles of an old love straitened him,  
His honor rooted in dishonor stood,  
And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true.

Yet the great knight in his mid-sickness made  
Full many a holy vow and pure resolve.  
These, as but born of sickness, could not live:  
For when the blood ran lustier in him again,  
Full often the sweet image of one face,  
Making a treacherous quiet in his heart,  
Dispersed his resolution like a cloud.  
Then if the maiden, while that ghostly grace  
Beamed on his fancy, spoke, he answered not,  
Or short and coldly, and she knew right well  
What the rough sickness meant, but what this meant  
She knew not, and the sorrow dimmed her sight,

And drave her ere her time across the fields  
Far into the rich city, where alone  
She murmured, "Vain, in vain: it cannot be."  
He will not love me: how then? must I die?"  
Then as a little helpless innocent bird,  
That has but one plain passage of few notes,  
Will sing the simple passage o'er and o'er  
For all an April morning, till the ear  
Wearies to hear it, so the simple maid  
Went half the night repeating, "Must I die?"  
And now to right she turned, and now to left,  
And found no ease in turning or in rest;  
And "him or death," she muttered, "death or him,"  
Again and like a burthen, "him or death."

But when Sir Lancelot's deadly hurt was whole,  
To Astolat returning rode the three.  
There morn by morn, arraying her sweet self  
In that wherein she deemed she looked her best,  
She came before Sir Lancelot, for she thought,  
"If I be loved, these are my festal robes,  
If not, the victim's flowers before he fall."  
And Lancelot ever prest upon the maid  
That she should ask some goodly gift of him



For her own self or hers ; “ And do not shun  
To speak the wish most near to your true heart ;  
Such service have you done me, that I make  
My will of yours, and Princee and Lord am I  
In mine own land, and what I will I can.”  
Then like a ghost she lifted up her face,  
But like a ghost without the power to speak.  
And Lancelot saw that she withheld her wish,  
And bode among them yet a little space  
Till he should learn it ; and one morn it chanced  
He found her in among the garden yews,  
And said, “ Delay no longer, speak your wish,  
Seeing I must go to-day ” : then out she brake :  
“ Going ? and we shall never see you more.  
And I must die for want of one bold word.”  
“ Speak : that I live to hear,” he said, “ is yours.”  
Then suddenly and passionately she spoke :  
“ I have gone mad. I love you : let me die.”  
“ Ah, sister,” answered Lancelot, “ what is this ? ”  
And innocently extending her white arms,  
“ Your love,” she said, “ your love — to be your wife.”  
And Lancelot answered, “ Had I chos’n to wed,  
I had been wedded earlier, sweet Elaine :  
But now there never will be wife of mine.”

"No, no," she cried, "I care not to be wife,  
But to be with you still, to see your face,  
To serve you, and to follow you through the world."  
And Lancelot answered, "Nay, the world, the world,  
All ear and eye, with such a stupid heart  
To interpret ear and eye, and such a tongue  
To blare its own interpretation — nay,  
Full ill then should I quit your brother's love,  
And your good father's kindness." And she said,  
"Not to be with you, not to see your face —  
Alas for me then, my good days are done."  
"Nay, noble maid," he answered, "ten times nay!  
This is not love: but love's first flash in youth,  
Most common. Yea, I know it of mine own self;  
And you yourself will smile at your own self  
Hereafter, when you yield your flower of life  
To one more fitly yours, not thrice your age:  
And then will I, for true you are and sweet  
Beyond mine old belief in womanhood —  
More specially should your good knight be poor,  
Endow you with broad land and territory  
Even to the half my realm beyond the seas,  
So that would make you happy: furthermore,  
Even to the death, as though you were my blood,

In all your quarrels will I be your knight.  
This will I do, dear damsel, for your sake,  
And more than this I cannot."

While he spoke  
She neither blushed nor shook, but deathly-pale  
Stood grasping what was nearest, then replied:  
"Of all this will I nothing," and so fell,  
And thus they bore her swooning to her tower.

Then spake, to whom through those black walls of yew  
Their talk had pierced, her father. "Ay, a flash  
I fear me, that will strike my blossom dead.  
Too courteous are you, fair Lord Lancelot.  
I pray you, use some rough discourtesy  
To blunt or break her passion."

Lancelot said,  
"That were against me: what I can I will";  
And there that day remained, and toward even  
Sent for his shield: full meekly rose the maid,  
Stript off the case, and gave the naked shield;  
Then, when she heard his horse upon the stones,  
Unclasping flung the casement back, and looked  
Down on his helm, from which her sleeve had gone.  
And Lancelot knew the little clinking sound;

And she by tact of love was well aware  
That Lancelot knew that she was looking at him.  
And yet he glanced not up, nor waved his hand,  
Nor bade farewell, but sadly rode away.  
This was the one discourtesy that he used.

So in her tower alone the maiden sat :  
His very shield was gone ; only the case,  
Her own poor work, her empty labor, left.  
But still she heard him, still his picture formed  
And grew between her and the pictured wall.  
Then came her father, saying in low tones,  
“Have comfort,” whom she greeted quietly.  
Then came her brethren, saying, “Peace to thee,  
Sweet sister,” whom she answered with all calm.  
But when they left her to herself again,  
Death, like a friend’s voice from a distant field  
Approaching through the darkness, called ; the owls  
Wailing had power upon her, and she mixt  
Her fancies with the sorrow-rifted glooms  
Of evening, and the moanings of the wind.

And in those days she made a little song,  
And called her song, “The Song of Love and Death,”  
And sang it : sweetly could she make and sing.

“ Sweet is true love though given in vain, in vain ;  
And sweet is death who puts an end to pain :  
I know not which is sweeter, no, not I.

“ Love, art thou sweet ? then bitter death must be :  
Love, thou art bitter ; sweet is death to me.  
O Love, if death be sweeter, let me die.

“ Sweet love, that seems not made to fade away,  
Sweet death, that seems to make us loveless clay,  
I know not which is sweeter, no, not I.

“ I fain would follow love, if that could be ;  
I needs must follow death, who calls for me ;  
Call and I follow, I follow ! — let me die.”

High with the last line scaled her voice, and this,  
All in a fiery dawning wild with wind  
That shook her tower, the brothers heard, and thought,  
With shuddering, “ Hark the Phantom of the house  
That ever shrieks before a death,” and called  
The father, and all three in hurry and fear  
Ran to her, and lo ! the blood-red light of dawn  
Flared on her face, she shrilling, “ Let me die !”

As when we dwell upon a word we know,  
Repeating, till the word we know so well  
Becomes a wonder and we know not why,  
So dwelt the father on her face and thought,  
“Is this Elaine?” till back the maiden fell,  
Then gave a languid hand to each, and lay,  
Speaking a still good-morrow with her eyes.  
At last she said, “Sweet brothers, yesternight  
I seemed a curious little maid again,  
As happy as when we dwelt among the woods,  
And when you used to take me with the flood  
Up the great river in the boatman’s boat.  
Only you would not pass beyond the cape  
That has the poplar on it: there you fixt  
Your limit, oft returning with the tide.  
And yet I cried because you would not pass  
Beyond it, and far up the shining flood  
Until we found the palace of the king.  
And yet you would not; but this night I dreamed  
That I was all alone upon the flood,  
And then I said, ‘Now shall I have my will’:  
And there I woke, but still the wish remained.  
So let me hence that I may pass at last  
Beyond the poplar and far up the flood,

Until I find the palace of the king.  
There will I enter in among them all,  
And no man there will dare to mock at me ;  
But there the fine Gawain will wonder at me,  
And there the great Sir Lancelot muse at me ;  
Gawain, who bade a thousand farewells to me,  
Lancelot, who coldly went nor bade me one :  
And there the King will know me and my love,  
And there the Queen herself will pity me,  
And all the gentle court will welcome me,  
And after my long voyage I shall rest ! ”

“ Peace,” said her father, “ O my child ! you seem  
Light-headed, for what force is yours to go  
So far, being sick ? and wherefore would you look  
On this proud fellow again, who scorns us all ? ”

Then the rough Torre began to heave and move,  
And bluster into stormy sobs, and say,  
“ I never loved him : an I meet with him,  
I care not howsoever great he be,  
Then will I strike at him and strike him down,  
Give me good fortune, I will strike him dead,  
For this discomfort he hath done the house.”

To which the gentle sister made reply,  
“Fret not yourself, dear brother, nor be wroth,  
Seeing it is no more Sir Lancelot’s fault  
Not to love me, than it is mine to love  
Him of all men who seems to me the highest.”

“Highest?” the father answered, echoing “highest?”  
(He meant to break the passion in her,) “nay,  
Daughter, I know not what you call the highest;  
But this I know, for all the people know it,  
He loves the Queen, and in an open shame:  
And she returns his love in open shame.  
If this be high, what is it to be low?”

Then spake the lily maid of Astolat:  
“Sweet father, all too faint and sick am I  
For anger: these are slanders: never yet  
Was noble man but made ignoble talk.  
He makes no friend who never made a foe.  
But now it is my glory to have loved  
One peerless, without stain: so let me pass,  
My father, howsoe’er I seem to you,  
Not all unhappy, having loved God’s best  
And greatest, though my love had no return:



Yet, seeing you desire your child to live,  
Thanks, but you work against your own desire ;  
For if I could believe the things you say  
I should but die the sooner ; wherefore cease,  
Sweet father, and bid call the ghostly man  
Hither, and let me shrive me clean, and die."

So when the ghostly man had come and gone,  
She with a face, bright as for sin forgiven,  
Besought Lavaine to write as she devised  
A letter, word for word ; and when he asked,  
" Is it for Lancelot, is it for my dear lord ?  
Then will I bear it gladly " ; she replied,  
" For Lancelot and the Queen and all the world,  
But I myself must bear it." Then he wrote  
The letter she devised ; which being writ  
And folded, " O sweet father, tender and true,  
Deny me not," she said — " you never yet  
Denied my fancies — this, however strange,  
My latest : lay the letter in my hand  
A little ere I die, and close the hand  
Upon it ; I shall guard it even in death.  
And when the heat is gone from out my heart,  
Then take the little bed on which I died

For Lancelot's love, and deck it like the Queen's  
For richness, and me also like the Queen  
In all I have of rich, and lay me on it.  
And let there be prepared a chariot-bier  
To take me to the river, and a barge  
Be ready on the river, clothed in black.  
I go in state to court, to meet the Queen.  
There surely I shall speak for mine own self,  
And none of you can speak for me so well.  
And therefore let our dumb old man alone  
Go with me, he can steer and row, and he  
Will guide me to that palace, to the doors."

She ceased : her father promised ; whereupon  
She grew so cheerful that they deemed her death  
Was rather in the fantasy than the blood.  
But ten slow mornings past, and on the eleventh  
Her father laid the letter in her hand,  
And closed the hand upon it, and she died.  
So that day there was dole in Astolat.

But when the next sun brake from underground,  
Then, those two brethren slowly with bent brows  
Accompanying, the sad chariot-bier

Past like a shadow through the field, that shone  
Full-summer, to that stream whereon the barge,  
Palled all its length in blackest samite, lay.  
There sat the lifelong creature of the house,  
Loyal, the dumb old servitor, on deck,  
Winking his eyes, and twisted all his face.  
So those two brethren from the chariot took  
And on the black decks laid her in her bed,  
Set in her hand a lily, o'er her hung  
The silken case with braided blazonings,  
And kissed her quiet brows, and saying to her,  
"Sister, farewell for ever," and again,  
"Farewell, sweet sister," parted all in tears.  
Then rose the dumb old servitor, and the dead  
Steered by the dumb went upward with the flood —  
In her right hand the lily, in her left  
The letter — all her bright hair streaming down —  
And all the coverlid was cloth of gold  
Drawn to her waist, and she herself in white  
All but her face, and that clear-featured face  
Was lovely, for she did not seem as dead,  
But fast asleep, and lay as though she smiled.

That day Sir Lancelot at the palace craved

Audience of Guinevere, to give at last  
The price of half a realm, his costly gift,  
Hard-won and hardly won with bruise and blow,  
With deaths of others, and almost his own,  
The nine-years-fought-for diamonds: for he saw  
One of her house, and sent him to the Queen  
Bearing his wish, whereto the Queen agreed  
With such and so unmoved a majesty  
She might have seemed her statue, but that he,  
Low-drooping till he well-nigh kissed her feet  
For loyal awe, saw with a sidelong eye  
The shadow of a piece of pointed lace,  
In the Queen's shadow, vibrate on the walls,  
And parted, laughing in his courtly heart.

All in an oriel on the summer side,  
Vine-clad, of Arthur's palace toward the stream,  
They met, and Lancelot kneeling uttered, "Queen,  
Lady, my liege, in whom I have my joy,  
Take what I had not won except for you,  
These jewels, and make me happy, making them  
An armlet for the roundest arm on earth,  
Or necklace for a neck to which the swan's  
Is tawnier than her cygnet's: these are words:

Your beauty is your beauty, and I sin  
In speaking, yet O grant my worship of it  
Words, as we grant grief tears. Such sin in words,  
Perchance, we both can pardon : but, my Queen,  
I hear of rumors flying through your court.  
Our bond, as not the bond of man and wife,  
Should have in it an absolute trust  
To make up that defect : let rumors be :  
When did not rumors fly ? these, as I trust  
That you trust me in your own nobleness,  
I may not well believe that you believe."

While thus he spoke, half turned away, the Queen  
Broke from the vast oriel-embowering vine  
Leaf after leaf, and tore, and cast them off,  
Till all the place whereon she stood was green ;  
Then when he ceased, in one cold passive hand  
Received at once, and laid aside, the gems  
There on a table near her, and replied.

"It may be, I am quicker of belief  
Than you believe me, Lancelot of the Lake.  
Our bond is not the bond of man and wife.  
This good is in it, whatsoe'er of ill,

It can be broken easier. I for you  
This many a year have done despite and wrong  
To one whom ever in my heart of hearts  
I did acknowledge nobler. What are these?  
Diamonds for me! they had been thrice their worth  
Being your gift, had you not lost your own.  
To loyal hearts the value of all gifts  
Must vary as the giver's. Not for me!  
For her! for your new fancy. Only this  
Grant me, I pray you: have your joys apart.  
I doubt not that however changed, you keep  
So much of what is graceful: and myself  
Would shun to break those bounds of courtesy  
In which as Arthur's queen I move and rule:  
So cannot speak my mind. An end to this!  
A strange one! yet I take it with Amen.  
So pray you, add my diamonds to her pearls;  
Deck her with these; tell her, she shines me down:  
An armlet for an arm to which the Queen's  
Is haggard, or a necklace for a neck  
O as much fairer — as a faith once fair  
Was richer than these diamonds — hers, not mine —  
Nay, by the mother of our Lord himself,  
Or hers or mine, mine now to work my will —  
She shall not have them."

Saying which she seized,  
And, through the casement standing wide for heat,  
Flung them, and down they flashed, and smote the  
stream.

Then from the smitten surface flashed, as it were,  
Diamonds to meet them, and they past away.  
Then while Sir Lancelot leant, in half disgust  
At love, life, all things, on the window ledge,  
Close underneath his eyes, and right across  
Where these had fallen, slowly past the barge  
Whereon the lily maid of Astolat  
Lay smiling, like a star in blackest night.

But the wild Queen, who saw not, burst away  
To weep and wail in secret ; and the barge,  
On to the palace-doorway sliding, paused.  
There two stood armed, and kept the door ; to whom,  
All up the marble stair, tier over tier,  
Were added mouths that gaped, and eyes that asked  
“ What is it ? ” but that oarsman’s haggard face,  
As hard and still as is the face that men  
Shape to their fancy’s eye from broken rocks  
On some cliff-side, appalled them, and they said,  
“ He is enchanted, cannot speak — and she,

Look how she sleeps — the Fairy Queen, so fair !  
Yea, but how pale ! what are they ? flesh and blood ?  
Or come to take the king to fairy land ?  
For some do hold our Arthur cannot die,  
But that he passes into fairy land.”

While thus they babbled of the king, the king  
Came girt with knights : then turned the tongueless man  
From the half-face to the full eye, and rose  
And pointed to the damsel, and the doors.  
So Arthur bade the meek Sir Percivale  
And pure Sir Galahad to uplift the maid ;  
And reverently they bore her into hall.  
Then came the fine Gawain and wondered at her,  
And Lancelot later came and mused at her,  
And last the Queen herself and pitied her :  
But Arthur spied the letter in her hand,  
Stoopt, took, brake seal, and read it ; this was all.

“ Most noble lord, Sir Lancelot of the Lake,  
I, sometime called the maid of Astolat,  
Come, for you left me taking no farewell,  
Hither, to take my last farewell of you.  
I loved you, and my love had no return,



And therefore my true love has been my death.  
And therefore to our lady Guinevere,  
And to all other ladies, I make moan.  
Pray for my soul, and yield me burial.  
Pray for my soul thou too, Sir Lancelot,  
As thou art a knight peerless."

Thus he read,

And ever in the reading, Lords and Dames  
Wept, looking often from his face who read  
To hers which lay so silent, and at times,  
So touched were they, half thinking that her lips,  
Who had devised the letter, moved again.

Then freely spoke Sir Lancelot to them all :  
"My lord liege Arthur, and all ye that hear,  
Know that for this most gentle maiden's death  
Right heavy am I ; for good she was and true,  
But loved me with a love beyond all love  
In women, whomsoever I have known.  
Yet to be loved makes not to love again ;  
Not at my years, however it hold in youth.  
I swear by truth and knighthood that I gave  
No cause, not willingly, for such a love :

To this I call my friends in testimony,  
Her brethren, and her father, who himself  
Besought me to be plain and blunt, and use  
To break her passion some discourtesy  
Against my nature : what I could, I did.  
I left her and I bade her no farewell.  
Though, had I dreamt the damsel would have died,  
I might have put my wits to some rough use,  
And helped her from herself."

Then said the Queen,  
(Sea was her wrath, yet working after storm,)  
" You might at least have done her so much grace,  
Fair lord, as would have helped her from her death."  
He raised his head, their eyes met and hers fell,  
He adding,

" Queen, she would not be content  
Save that I wedded her, which could not be.  
Then might she follow me through the world, she asked.  
It could not be. I told her that her love  
Was but the flash of youth, would darken down  
To rise hereafter in a stiller flame  
Toward one more worthy of her — then would I,

More specially were he she wedded poor,  
Estate them with large land and territory  
In mine own realm beyond the narrow seas,  
To keep them in all joyance : more than this  
I could not ; this she would not, and she died."

He pausing, Arthur answered, "O my knight,  
It will be to your worship, as my knight,  
And mine, as head of all our Table Round,  
To see that she be buried worshipfully."

So toward that shrine which then in all the realm  
Was richest, Arthur leading, slowly went  
The marshalled order of their Table Round,  
And Lancelot sad beyond his wont, to see  
The maiden buried, not as one unknown,  
Nor meanly, but with gorgeous obsequies,  
And mass, and rolling music, like a Queen.  
And when the knights had laid her comely head  
Low in the dust of half-forgotten kings,  
Then Arthur spake among them, "Let her tomb  
Be costly, and her image thereupon.  
And let the shield of Lancelot at her feet  
Be carven, and her lily in her hand.

And let the story of her dolorous voyage  
For all true hearts be blazoned on her tomb  
In letters gold and azure!" which was wrought  
Thereafter; but when now the lords and dames  
And people, from the high door streaming, brake  
Disorderly, as homeward each, the Queen,  
Who marked Sir Lancelot where he moved apart,  
Drew near, and sighed in passing, "Lancelot,  
Forgive me; mine was jealousy in love."  
He answered with his eyes upon the ground,  
"That is love's curse; pass on, my Queen, forgiven."  
But Arthur who beheld his cloudy brows  
Approached him, and with full affection flung  
One arm about his neck, and spake and said:

"Lancelot, my Lancelot, thou in whom I have  
Most love and most affiance, for I know  
What thou hast been in battle by my side,  
And many a time have watched thee at the tilt  
Strike down the lusty and long-practised knight,  
And let the younger and unskilled go by  
To win his honor and to make his name,  
And loved thy courtesies and thee, a man  
Made to be loved;—but now I would to God,

For the wild people say wild things of thee,  
Thou couldst have loved this maiden, shaped, it seems,  
By God for thee alone, and from her face,  
If one may judge the living by the dead,  
Delicately pure and marvellously fair,  
Who might have brought thee, now a lonely man  
Wifeless and heirless, noble issue, sons  
Born to the glory of thy name and fame,  
My knight, the great Sir Lancelot of the Lake."

Then answered Lancelot, "Fair she was, my king,  
Pure, as ye ever wish your knights to be.  
To doubt her fairness were to want an eye,  
To doubt her pureness were to want a heart—  
Yea, to be loved, if what is worthy love  
Could bind him, but free love will not be bound."

"Free love, so bound, were freest," said the king.  
Let love be free; free love is for the best:  
And, after heaven, on our dull side of death,  
What should be best, if not so pure a love  
Clothed in so pure a loveliness? yet thee  
She failed to bind, though being, as I think,  
Unbound as yet, and gentle, as I know."

And Lancelot answered nothing, but he went  
And at the inrunning of a little brook  
Sat by the river in a cove, and watched  
The high reed wave, and lifted up his eyes  
And saw the barge that brought her moving down,  
Far off, a blot upon the stream, and said  
Low in himself, "Ah simple heart and sweet,  
You loved me, damsel, surely with a love  
Far tenderer than my Queen's. Pray for thy soul?  
Ay, that will I. Farewell too — now at last —  
Farewell, fair lily. 'Jealousy in love?'  
Not rather dead love's harsh heir, jealous pride?  
Queen, if I grant the jealousy as of love,  
May not your crescent fear for name and fame  
Speak, as it waxes, of a love that wanes?  
Why did the king dwell on my name to me?  
Mine own name shames me, seeming a reproach,  
Lancelot, whom the Lady of the lake  
Stole from his mother — as the story runs —  
She chanted snatches of mysterious song  
Heard on the winding waters, eve and morn  
She kissed me, saying, Thou art fair, my child,  
As a king's son, and often in her arms  
She bare me, pacing on the dusky mere.

Would she had drowned me in it, where'er it be!  
For what am I? what profits me my name  
Of greatest knight? I fought for it, and have it:  
Pleasure to have it, none; to lose it, pain;  
Now grown a part of me: but what use in it?  
To make men worse by making my sin known?  
Or sin seem less, the sinner seeming great?  
Alas for Arthur's greatest knight, a man  
Not after Arthur's heart! I needs must break  
These bonds that so defame me: not without  
She wills it: would I, if she willed it? nay,  
Who knows? but if I would not, then may God,  
I pray him, send a sudden Angel down  
To seize me by the hair and bear me far,  
And fling me deep in that forgotten mere,  
Among the tumbled fragments of the hills."

So groaned Sir Lancelot in remorseful pain,  
Not knowing he should die a holy man.





GUINEVERE.



## GUINEVERE.

QUEEN GUINEVERE had fled the court, and sat  
There in the holy house at Almesbury  
Weeping, none with her save a little maid,  
A novice: one low light betwixt them burned  
Blurred by the creeping mist, for all abroad,  
Beneath a moon unseen albeit at full,  
The white mist like a face-cloth to the face  
Clung to the dead earth, and the land was still.

For hither had she fled, her cause of flight  
Sir Modred; he the nearest to the King,  
His nephew, ever like a subtle beast  
Lay couchant with his eyes upon the throne,  
Ready to spring, waiting a chance: for this,  
He chilled the popular praises of the King  
With silent smiles of slow disparagement;

And tampered with the Lords of the White Horse,  
Heathen, the brood by Hengist left ; and sought  
To make disruption in the Table Round  
Of Arthur, and to splinter it into feuds  
Serving his traitorous end ; and all his aims  
Were sharpened by strong hate for Lancelot.

For thus it chanced one morn when all the court  
Green-suited, but with plumes that mocked the may,  
Had been, their wont, a-maying and returned,  
That Modred still in green, all ear and eye,  
Climbed to the high top of the garden-wall  
To spy some secret scandal if he might,  
And saw the Queen who sat betwixt her best  
Enid, and lissome Vivien, of her court  
The wiliest and the worst ; and more than this  
He saw not, for Sir Lancelot passing by  
Spied where he couched, and as the gardener's hand  
Picks from the colewort a green caterpillar,  
So from the high wall and the flowering grove  
Of grasses Lancelot plucked him by the heel,  
And cast him as a worm upon the way ;  
But when he knew the Prince, though marred with dust,  
He, reverencing King's blood in a bad man,

Made such excuses as he might, and these  
Full knightly without scorn ; for in those days  
No knight of Arthur's noblest dealt in scorn ;  
But, if a man were halt or lunched, in him  
By those whom God had made full-limbed and tall,  
Scorn was allowed as part of his defect,  
And he was answered softly by the King  
And all his Table. So Sir Lancelot help  
To raise the Prince, who rising, twice or thrice  
Full sharply smote his knees, and smiled, and went :  
But, ever after, the small violence done  
Rankled in him and ruffled all his heart,  
As the sharp wind that ruffles all day long  
A little bitter pool about a stone  
On the bare coast.

But when Sir Lancelot told  
This matter to the Queen, at first she laughed  
Lightly, to think of Modred's dusty fall,  
Then shuddered, as the village wife who cries,  
" I shudder, some one steps across my grave " ;  
Then laughed again, but faintlier, for indeed  
She half foresaw that he, the subtle beast,  
Would track her guilt until he found, and hers

Would be for evermore a name of scorn.  
Henceforward rarely could she front in Hall,  
Or elsewhere, Modred's narrow foxy face,  
Heart-hiding smile, and gray persistent eye :  
Henceforward too, the Powers that tend the soul,  
To help it from the death that cannot die,  
And save it even in extremes, began  
To vex and plague her. Many a time for hours,  
Beside the placid breathings of the King,  
In the dead night, grim faces came and went  
Before her, or a vague spiritual fear —  
Like to some doubtful noise of creaking doors  
Heard by the watcher in a haunted house  
That keeps the rust of murder on the walls —  
Held her awake : or if she slept, she dreamed  
An awful dream ; for then she seemed to stand  
On some vast plain before a setting sun,  
And from the sun there swiftly made at her  
A ghastly something, and its shadow flew  
Before it, till it touched her, and she turned —  
When lo ! her own, that broadening from her feet,  
And blackening, swallowed all the land, and in it  
Far cities burnt, and with a cry she woke.  
And all this trouble did not pass but grew ;

Till ev'n the clear face of the guileless King,  
And trustful courtesies of household life,  
Became her bane; and at the last she said,  
"O Lancelot, get thee hence to thine own land,  
For if thou tarry we shall meet again,  
And if we meet again, some evil chance  
Will make the smouldering scandal break and blaze  
Before the people, and our lord the King."  
And Lancelot ever promised, but remained,  
And still they met and met. Again she said,  
"O Lancelot, if thou love me get thee hence."  
And then they were agreed upon a night  
(When the good King should not be there) to meet  
And part for ever. Passion-pale they met  
And greeted: hands in hands, and eye to eye,  
Low on the border of her couch they sat  
Stammering and staring: it was their last hour,  
A madness of farewells. And Modred brought  
His creatures to the basement of the tower  
For testimony; and crying with full voice,  
"Traitor, come out, ye are trapt at last," aroused  
Lancelot, who rushing outward lionlike  
Leapt on him, and hurled him headlong, and he fell  
Stunned, and his creatures took and bare him off,

And all was still: then she, "The end is come  
And I am shamed for ever," and he said,  
"Mine be the shame; mine was the sin: but rise,  
And fly to my strong castle overseas:  
There will I hide thee, till my life shall end,  
There hold thee with my life against the world."  
She answered, "Lancelot, wilt thou hold me so?  
Nay, friend, for we have taken our farewells.  
Would God, that thou couldst hide me from myself!  
Mine is the shame, for I was wife, and thou  
Unwedded: yet rise now, and let us fly,  
For I will draw me into sanctuary  
And bide my doom." So Lancelot got her horse,  
Set her thereon, and mounted on his own,  
And then they rode to the divided way,  
There kissed, and parted weeping: for he past,  
Love-loyal to the least wish of the Queen,  
Back to his land; but she to Almesbury  
Fled all night long by glimmering waste and weald,  
And heard the Spirits of the waste and weald,  
Moan as she fled, or thought she heard them moan:  
And in herself she moaned, "Too late, too late!"  
Till in the cold wind that foreruns the morn,  
A blot in heaven, the Raven, flying high,



Croaked, and she thought, "He spies a field of death;  
For now the Heathen of the Northern Sea,  
Lured by the crimes and frailties of the court,  
Begin to slay the folk, and spoil the land."

And when she came to Almesbury she spake  
There to the nuns, and said, "Mine enemies  
Pursue me, but, O peaceful Sisterhood,  
Receive, and yield me sanctuary, nor ask  
Her name, to whom ye yield it, till her time  
To tell you," and her beauty, grace, and power  
Wrought as a charm upon them, and they spared  
To ask it.

So the stately Queen abode  
For many a week, unknown, among the nuns:  
Nor with them mixed, nor told her name, nor sought,  
Wrapt in her grief, for housel or for shrift,  
But communed only with the little maid  
Who pleased her with a babbling heedlessness  
Which often lured her from herself; but now,  
This night, a rumor wildly blown about  
Came, that Sir Modred had usurped the realm.  
And leagued him with the Heathen, while the King

Was waging war on Lancelot : then she thought,  
“ With what a hate the people and the King  
Must hate me ! ” and bowed down upon her hands  
Silent, until the little maid, who brooked  
No silence, brake it, uttering, “ Late ! so late !  
What hour, I wonder, now ? ” and when she drew  
No answer, by and by began to hum  
An air the nuns had taught her, “ Late, so late ! ”  
Which when she heard, the Queen looked up, and said,  
“ O maiden, if indeed ye list to sing,  
Sing, and unbind my heart that I may weep.”  
Whereat full willingly sang the little maid.

“ Late, late, so late ! and dark the night and chill !  
Late, late, so late ! but we can enter still.  
Too late, too late ! ye cannot enter now.

“ No light had we : for that we do repent ;  
And learning this, the bridegroom will relent.  
Too late, too late ! ye cannot enter now.

“ No light : so late ! and dark and chill the night  
O let us in, that we may find the light !  
Too late, too late ! ye cannot enter now.

“ Have we not heard the bridegroom is so sweet ?  
O let us in, though late, to kiss his feet !  
No, no, too late ! ye cannot enter now.”

So sang the novice, while full passionately,  
Her head upon her hands, remembering  
Her thought when first she came, wept the sad Queen.  
Then said the little novice prattling to her :

“ O pray you, noble lady, weep no more ;  
But let my words, the words of one so small,  
Who knowing nothing knows but to obey,  
And if I do not, there is penance given —  
Comfort your sorrows ; for they do not flow  
From evil done ; right sure am I of that,  
Who see your tender grace and stateliness.  
But weigh your sorrows with our lord the King’s,  
And weighing find them less ; for gone is he  
To wage grim war against Sir Lancelot there,  
Round that strong Castle where he holds the Queen ;  
And Modred, whom he left in charge of all,  
The traitor — Ah, sweet lady, the King’s grief  
For his own self, and his own Queen, and realm,  
Must needs be thrice as great as any of ours.

For me, I thank the saints, I am not great.  
For if there ever come a grief to me,  
I cry my cry in silence, and have done :  
None knows it, and my tears have brought me good :  
But even were the griefs of little ones  
As great as those of great ones, yet this grief  
Is added to the griefs the great must bear,  
That howsoever much they may desire  
Silence, they cannot weep behind a cloud :  
As even here they talk at Almesbury  
About the good king and his wicked queen,  
And were I such a king with such a queen,  
Well might I wish to veil her wickedness,  
But were I such a king, it could not be."

Then to her own sad heart muttered the Queen,  
"Will the child kill me with her innocent talk ?"  
But openly she answered, "Must not I,  
If this false traitor have displaced his lord,  
Grieve with the common grief of all the realm ?"

"Yea," said the maid, "this is all woman's grief,  
That *she* is woman, whose disloyal life  
Hath wrought confusion in the Table Round

Which good King Arthur founded, years ago,  
With signs and miracles and wonders, there  
At Camelot, ere the coming of the Queen."

Then thought the Queen within herself again,  
"Will the child kill me with her foolish prate?"  
But openly she spake and said to her :  
"O little maid shut in by nunnery walls,  
What canst thou know of Kings and Tables Round,  
Or what of signs and wonders, but the signs  
And simple miracles of thy nunnery?"

To whom the little novice garrulously :  
"Yea, but I know : the land was full of signs  
And wonders ere the coming of the Queen.  
So said my father, and himself was knight  
Of the great Table — at the founding of it ;  
And rode thereto from Lyonesse, and he said  
That as he rode, an hour or maybe twain  
After the sunset, down the coast, he heard  
Strange music, and he paused and turning — there,  
All down the lonely coast of Lyonesse,  
Each with a beacon-star upon his head,  
And with a wild sea-light about his feet,

He saw them — headland after headland flame  
Far on into the rich heart of the west :  
And in the light the white mermaiden swam,  
And strong man-breasted things stood from the sea,  
And sent a deep sea-voice through all the land,  
To which the little elves of chasm and cleft  
Made answer, sounding like a distant horn.  
So said my father — yea, and furthermore,  
Next morning, while he past the dim-lit woods,  
Himself beheld three spirits mad with joy  
Come dashing down on a tall wayside flower,  
That shook beneath them, as the thistle shakes  
When three gray linnets wrangle for the seed :  
And still at evenings on before his horse  
The flickering fairy-circle wheeled and broke  
Flying, and linked again, and wheeled and broke  
Flying, for all the land was full of life.  
And when at last he came to Camelot,  
A wreath of airy dancers hand-in-hand  
Swung round the lighted lantern of the hall ;  
And in the hall itself was such a feast  
As never man had dreamed ; for every knight  
Had whatsoever meat he longed for served  
By hands unseen ; and even as he said

Down in the cellars merry bloated things  
Shouldered the spigot, straddling on the butts  
While the wine ran : so glad were spirits and men  
Before the coming of the sinful Queen."

Then spake the Queen, and somewhat bitterly :  
" Were they so glad ? ill prophets were they all,  
Spirits and men : could none of them foresee,  
Not even thy wise father with his signs  
And wonders, what has fallen upon the realm ? "

To whom the novice garrulously again :  
" Yea, one, a bard, of whom my father said,  
Full many a noble war-song had he sung,  
Ev'n in the presence of an enemy's fleet,  
Between the steep cliff and the coming wave ;  
And many a mystic lay of life and death  
Had chanted on the smoky mountain-tops,  
When round him bent the spirits of the hills  
With all their dewy hair blown back like flame :  
So said my father — and that night the bard  
Sang Arthur's glorious wars, and sang the king  
As well-nigh more than man, and railed at those  
Who called him the false son of Gorlois :

For there was no man knew from whence he came ;  
But after tempest, when the long wave broke  
All down the thundering shores of Bude and Boss,  
There came a day as still as heaven, and then  
They found a naked child upon the sands  
Of wild Dundagil by the Cornish sea ;  
And that was Arthur ; and they fostered him  
Till he by miracle was approven king :  
And that his grave should be a mystery  
From all men, like his birth ; and could he find  
A woman in her womanhood as great  
As he was in his manhood, then, he sang,  
The twain together well might change the world.  
But even in the middle of his song  
He faltered, and his hand fell from the harp,  
And pale he turned, and reeled, and would have fallen,  
But that they stayed him up ; nor would he tell  
His vision ; but what doubt that he foresaw  
This evil work of Lancelot and the Queen ? ”

Then thought the Queen, “ Lo ! they have set her on,  
Our simple-seeming Abbess and her nuns,  
To play upon me,” and bowed her head nor spake.  
Whereat the novice crying, with clasped hands,



Shame on her own garrulity garrulously,  
Said the good nuns would check her gadding tongue  
Full often, "and, sweet lady, if I seem  
To vex an ear too sad to listen to me,  
Unmannerly, with prattling and the tales  
Which my good father told me, check me too:  
Nor let me shame my father's memory, one  
Of noblest manners, though himself would say  
Sir Lancelot had the noblest; and he died,  
Killed in a tilt, come next, five summers back,  
And left me; but of others who remain,  
And of the two first-famed for courtesy —  
And pray you check me if I ask amiss —  
But pray you, which had noblest, while you moved  
Among them, Lancelot or our lord the King?"

Then the pale Queen looked up and answered her.  
"Sir Lancelot, as became a noble knight,  
Was gracious to all ladies, and the same  
In open battle or the tilting-field  
Forbore his own advantage, and the King  
In open battle or the tilting-field  
Forbore his own advantage, and these two  
Were the most nobly-mannered men of all;

For manners are not idle, but the fruit  
Of loyal nature, and of noble mind."

"Yea," said the maid, "be manners such fair fruit?  
Then Lancelot's needs must be a thousand-fold  
Less noble, being, as all rumor runs,  
The most disloyal friend in all the world."

To which a mournful answer made the Queen.  
"O closed about by narrowing nunnery-walls,  
What knowest thou of the world, and all its lights  
And shadows, all the wealth and all the woe?  
If ever Lancelot, that most noble knight,  
Were for one hour less noble than himself,  
Pray for him that he scape the doom of fire,  
And weep for her who drew him to his doom."

"Yea," said the little novice, "I pray for both;  
But I should all as soon believe that his,  
Sir Lancelot's, were as noble as the King's,  
As I could think, sweet lady, yours would be  
Such as they are, were you the sinful Queen."

So she, like many another babbler, hurt

Whom she would soothe, and harmed where she would  
heal ;

For here a sudden flush of wrathful heat  
Fired all the pale face of the Queen, who cried,  
“ Such as thou art be never maiden more  
For ever ! thou their tool, set on to plague  
And play upon, and harry me, petty spy  
And traitress.” When that storm of anger brake  
From Guinevere, aghast the maiden rose,  
White as her veil, and stood before the Queen  
As tremulously as foam upon the beach  
Stands in a wind, ready to break and fly,  
And when the Queen had added, “ Get thee hence,”  
Fled frightened. Then that other left alone  
Sighed, and began to gather heart again,  
Saying in herself, “ The simple, fearful child  
Meant nothing, but my own too-fearful guilt,  
Simpler than any child, betrays itself.  
But help me, Heaven, for surely I repent.  
For what is true repentance but in thought—  
Not ev’n in inmost thought to think again  
The sins that made the past so pleasant to us :  
And I have sworn never to see him more,  
To see him more.”

And ev'n in saying this,  
Her memory from old habit of the mind  
Went slipping back upon the golden days  
In which she saw him first, when Lancelot came,  
Reputed the best knight and goodliest man,  
Ambassador, to lead her to his lord  
Arthur, and led her forth, and far ahead  
Of his and her retinue moving, they,  
Rapt in sweet talk or lively, all on love  
And sport and tilts and pleasure, (for the time  
Was maytime, and as yet no sin was dreamed,)  
Rode under groves that looked a paradise  
Of blossom, over sheets of hyacinth  
That seemed the heavens upbreking through the earth,  
And on from hill to hill, and every day  
Beheld at noon in some delicious dale  
The silk pavilions of King Arthur raised  
For brief repast or afternoon repose  
By couriers gone before ; and on again,  
Till yet once more ere set of sun they saw  
The Dragon of the great Pendragonship,  
That crowned the state pavilion of the King,  
Blaze by the rushing brook or silent well.

But when the Queen immersed in such a trance,  
And moving through the past unconsciously,  
Came to that point, when first she saw the King  
Ride toward her from the city, sighed to find  
Her journey done, glanced at him, thought him cold,  
High, self-contained, and passionless, not like him,  
“Not like my Lancelot,” — while she brooded thus  
And grew half guilty in her thoughts again,  
There rode an armed warrior to the doors.  
A murmuring whisper through the nunnery ran,  
Then on a sudden a cry, “The King.” She sat  
Stiff-stricken, listening; but when armed feet  
Through the long gallery from the outer doors  
Rang coming, prone from off her seat she fell,  
And grovelled with her face against the floor:  
There with her milk-white arms and shadowy hair  
She made her face a darkness from the King:  
And in the darkness heard his armed feet  
Pause by her; then came silence, then a voice  
Monotonous and hollow like a Ghost’s  
Denouncing judgment, but though changed the King’s.

“Liest thou here so low, the child of one  
I honored, happy, dead before thy shame.

Well is it that no child is born of thee.  
The children born of thee are sword and fire,  
Red ruin, and the breaking up of laws,  
The craft of kindred and the Godless hosts  
Of heathen swarming o'er the Northern Sea.  
Whom I, while yet Sir Lancelot my right arm,  
The mightiest of my knights, abode with me,  
Have everywhere about this land of Christ  
In twelve great battles ruining overthrown.  
And knowest thou now from whence I come—from him,  
From waging bitter war with him: and he,  
That did not shun to smite me in worse way,  
Had yet that grace of courtesy in him left,  
He spared to lift his hand against the King  
Who made him knight: but many a knight was slain;  
And many more and all his kith and kin  
Clave to him and abode in his own land.  
And many more when Modred raised revolt,  
Forgetful of their troth and fealty, clave  
To Modred, and a remnant stays with me.  
And of this remnant will I leave a part,  
True men who love me still, for whom I live,  
To guard thee in the wild hour coming on,  
Lest but a hair of this low head be harmed.

Fear not: thou shalt be guarded till my death.  
Howbeit I know, if ancient prophecies  
Have erred not, that I march to meet my doom.  
Thou hast not made my life so sweet to me,  
That I the king should greatly care to live ;  
For thou hast spoilt the purpose of my life.  
Bear with me for the last time while I show,  
Ev'n for thy sake, the sin which thou hast sinned.  
For when the Roman left us, and their law  
Relaxed its hold upon us, and the ways  
Were filled with rapine, here and there a deed  
Of prowess done redressed a random wrong.  
But I was first of all the kings who drew  
The knighthood-errant of this realm and all  
The realms together under me, their Head,  
In that fair order of my Table Round,  
A glorious company, the flower of men,  
To serve as model for the mighty world,  
And be the fair beginning of a time.  
I made them lay their hands in mine and swear  
To reverence the King, as if he were  
Their conscience, and their conscience as their King,  
To break the heathen and uphold the Christ,  
To ride abroad redressing human wrongs,

To speak no slander, no, nor listen to it,  
To lead sweet lives in purest chastity,  
To love one maiden only, cleave to her,  
And worship her by years of noble deeds,  
Until they won her ; for indeed I knew  
Of no more subtle master under heaven  
Than is the maiden passion for a maid  
Not only to keep down the base in man,  
But teach high thought, and amiable words  
And courtliness, and the desire of fame,  
And love of truth, and all that makes a man.  
And all this throve until I wedded thee !  
Believing, “ Lo mine helpmate, one to feel  
My purpose and rejoicing in my joy.”  
Then came thy shameful sin with Lancelot ;  
Then came the sin of Tristram and Isolt ;  
Then others, following these my mightiest knights,  
And drawing foul ensample from fair names,  
Sinned also, till the loathsome opposite  
Of all my heart had destined did obtain,  
And all through thee ! so that this life of mine  
I guard as God’s high gift from scathe and wrong,  
Not greatly care to lose ; but rather think  
How sad it were for Arthur, should he live,



To sit once more within his lonely hall,  
And miss the wonted number of my knights,  
And miss to hear high talk of noble deeds  
As in the golden days before thy sin.  
For which of us, who might be left, could speak  
Of the pure heart, nor seem to glance at thee?  
And in thy bowers of Camelot or of Usk  
Thy shadow still would glide from room to room,  
And I should evermore be vexed with thee  
In hanging robe or vacant ornament,  
Or ghostly footfall echoing on the stair :  
For think not, though thou wouldst not love thy lord,  
Thy lord has wholly lost his love for thee.  
I am not made of so slight elements.  
Yet must I leave thee, woman, to thy shame.  
I hold that man the worst of public foes  
Who either for his own or children's sake,  
To save his blood from scandal, lets the wife  
Whom he knows false abide and rule the house :  
For being through his cowardice allowed  
Her station, taken everywhere for pure,  
She like a new disease, unknown to men,  
Creeps, no precaution used, among the crowd,  
Makes wicked lightnings of her eyes, and saps

The fealty of our friends, and stirs the pulse  
With devil's leaps, and poisons half the young.  
Worst of the worst were that man he that reigns!  
Better the king's waste hearth and aching heart  
Than thou resealed in thy place of light,  
The mockery of my people, and their bane."

He paused, and in the pause she crept an inch  
Nearer, and laid her hands about his feet.  
Far off a solitary trumpet blew.  
Then waiting by the doors the war-horse neighed  
As at a friend's voice, and he spake again.

"Yet think not that I come to urge thy crimes,  
I did not come to curse thee, Guinevere,  
I, whose vast pity almost makes me die  
To see thee, laying there thy golden head,  
My pride in happier summers, at my feet.  
The wrath which forced my thoughts on that fierce law,  
The doom of treason and the flaming death,  
(When first I learnt thee hidden here,) is past.  
The pang — which while I weighed thy heart with one  
Too wholly true to dream untruth in thee,  
Made my tears burn — is also past, in part.

And all is past, the sin is sinned, and I,  
Lo ! I forgive thee, as Eternal God  
Forgives : do thou for thine own soul the rest.  
But how to take last leave of all I loved ?  
O golden hair, with which I used to play  
Not knowing ! O imperial-moulded form,  
And beauty such as never woman wore,  
Until it came a kingdom's curse with thee —  
I cannot touch thy lips, they are not mine,  
But Lancelot's : nay, they never were the King's.  
I cannot take thy hand ; that too is flesh,  
And in the flesh thou hast sinned ; and mine own flesh,  
Here looking down on thine polluted, cries,  
“ I loathe thee ” : yet not less, O Guinevere,  
For I was ever virgin save for thee,  
My love through flesh hath wrought into my life  
So far, that my doom is, I love thee still.  
Let no man dream but that I love thee still.  
Perchance, and so thou purify thy soul,  
And so thou lean on our fair father Christ,  
Hereafter in that world where all are pure  
We two may meet before high God, and thou  
Wilt spring to me, and claim me thine, and know  
I am thine husband — not a smaller soul,

Nor Lancelot, nor another. Leave me that,  
I charge thee, my last hope. Now must I hence :  
Through the thick night I hear the trumpet blow :  
They summon me their king to lead mine hosts  
Far down to that great battle in the west,  
Where I must strike against my sister's son  
Leagued with the lords of the White Horse and knights  
Once mine, and strike him dead, and meet myself  
Death, or I know not what mysterious doom.  
And thou remaining here wilt learn the event,  
But hither shall I never come again,  
Never lie by thy side, see thee no more,  
Farewell ! ”

And while she grovelled at his feet,  
She felt the King's breath wander o'er her neck,  
And, in the darkness o'er her fallen head,  
Perceived the waving of his hands that blest.

Then, listening till those armed steps were gone,  
Rose the pale Queen, and in her anguish found  
The casement : “ Peradventure,” so she thought,  
“ If I might see his face, and not be seen.”  
And lo, he sat on horseback at the door !

And near him the sad nuns with each a light  
Stood, and he gave them charge about the Queen,  
To guard and foster her for evermore.  
And while he spake to these his helm was lowered,  
To which for crest the golden dragon clung  
Of Britain ; so she did not see the face,  
Which then was as an angel's, but she saw,  
Wet with the mists and smitten by the lights,  
The dragon of the great Pendragonship  
Blaze, making all the night a steam of fire.  
And even then he turned ; and more and more  
The moony vapor rolling round the King,  
Who seemed the phantom of a Giant in it,  
Enwound him fold by fold, and made him gray  
And grayer, till himself became as mist  
Before her, moving ghostlike to his doom.

Then she stretched out her arms and cried aloud,  
“ O Arthur ! ” there her voice brake suddenly,  
Then — as a stream that spouting from a cliff  
Fails in mid-air, but gathering at the base  
Remakes itself, and flashes down the vale —  
Went on in passionate utterance.

“Gone — my lord !

Gone through my sin to slay and to be slain !  
And he forgave me, and I could not speak.  
Farewell ? I should have answered his farewell.  
His mercy choked me. Gone, my lord the king,  
My own true lord ! how dare I call him mine ?  
The shadow of another cleaves to me,  
And makes me one pollution : he, the king,  
Called me polluted : shall I kill myself ?  
What help in that ? I cannot kill my sin,  
If soul be soul ; nor can I kill my shame ;  
No, nor by living can I live it down.  
The days will grow to weeks, the weeks to months,  
The months will add themselves and make the years,  
The years will roll into the centuries,  
And mine will ever be a name of scorn.  
I must not dwell on that defeat of fame.  
Let the world be ; that is but of the world.  
What else ? what hope ? I think there was a hope,  
Except he mocked me when he spake of hope ;  
His hope he called it ; but he never mocks,  
For mockery is the fume of little hearts.  
And blessed be the king, who hath forgiven  
My wickedness to him, and left me hope

That in mine own heart I can live down sin  
And be his mate hereafter in the heavens  
Before high God. Ah great and gentle lord,  
Who wast, as is the conscience of a saint  
Among his warring senses, to thy knights —  
To whom my false voluptuous pride, that took  
Full easily all impressions from below,  
Would not look up, or half despised the height  
To which I would not or I could not climb —  
I thought I could not breathe in that fine air  
That pure severity of perfect light —  
I wanted warmth and color which I found  
In Lancelot — now I see thee what thou art,  
Thou art the highest and most human too,  
Not Lancelot nor another. Is there none  
Will tell the king I love him though so late?  
Now ere he goes to the great Battle? none:  
Myself must tell him in that purer life,  
But now it were too daring. Ah my God,  
What might I not have made of thy fair world,  
Had I but loved thy highest creature here?  
It was my duty to have loved the highest:  
It surely was my profit had I known:  
It would have been my pleasure had I seen.

We needs must love the highest when we see it,  
Not Lancelot, nor another."

Here her hand,  
Grasped, made her veil her eyes: she looked and saw  
The novice, weeping, suppliant, and said to her,  
"Yea, little maid, for am *I* not forgiven?"  
Thence glancing up beheld the holy nuns  
All round her, weeping; and her heart was loosed  
Within her, and she wept with these and said:

"You know me then, that wicked one, who broke  
The vast design and purpose of the King.  
O shut me round with narrowing nunnery-walls,  
Meek maidens, from the voices crying 'Shame.'  
I must not scorn myself: he loves me still.  
Let no one dream but that he loves me still.  
So let me, if you do not shudder at me  
Nor shun to call me sister, dwell with you,  
Wear black and white, and be a nun like you,  
Fast with your fasts, not feasting with your feasts,  
Grieve with your griefs, not grieving at your joys,  
But not rejoicing; mingle with your rites;  
Pray and be prayed for, lie before your shrines,



Do each low office of your holy house,  
Walk your dim cloister, and distribute dole  
To poor sick people, richer in his eyes  
Who ransomed us, and haler too than I,  
And treat their loathsome hurts and heal mine own,  
And so wear out in almsdeed and in prayer  
The sombre close of that voluptuous day,  
Which wrought the ruin of my lord the King."

She said : they took her to themselves ; and she  
Still hoping, fearing, " Is it yet too late ? "  
Dwelt with them, till in time their Abbess died,  
Then she, for her good deeds and her pure life,  
And for the power of ministration in her,  
And likewise for the high rank she had borne,  
Was chosen Abbess, there, an Abbess, lived  
For three brief years, and there, an Abbess, past  
To where beyond these voices there is peace.

THE END.



Any books in this list will be sent free of postage, on receipt of price.

BOSTON, 135 WASHINGTON STREET,  
JULY, 1859.

## A LIST OF BOOKS

PUBLISHED BY

TICKNOR AND FIELDS.

---

### Sir Walter Scott.

ILLUSTRATED HOUSEHOLD EDITION OF THE WAVERLEY NOVELS. In portable size, 16mo. form. Now Complete. Price 75 cents a volume.

The paper is of fine quality; the stereotype plates are not old ones repaired, the type having been cast expressly for this edition. The Novels are illustrated with capital steel plates engraved in the best manner, after drawings and paintings by the most eminent artists, among whom are Birket Foster, Darley, Billings, Landseer, Harvey, and Faed. This Edition contains all the latest notes and corrections of the author, a Glossary and Index; and some curious additions, especially in "Guy Mannering" and the "Bride of Lammermoor;" being the fullest edition of the Novels ever published. *The notes are at the foot of the page*,—a great convenience to the reader.

---

Any of the following Novels sold separate.

WAVERLEY, 2 vols.	ST. RONAN'S WELL, 2 vols.
GUY MANNERING, 2 vols.	REDGAUNTLET, 2 vols.
THE ANTIQUARY, 2 vols.	THE BETROTHED, } 2 vols.
ROB ROY, 2 vols.	THE HIGHLAND WIDOW, }
OLD MORTALITY, 2 vols.	THE TALISMAN, }
BLACK DWARF. } 2 vols.	TWO DROVERS, }
LEGEND OF MONTROSE, }	MY AUNT MARGARET'S MIRROR, } 2 vols.
HEART OF MID LOTHIAN, 2 vols.	THE TAPESTRIED CHAMBER, }
BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR, 2 vols.	THE LAIRD'S JOCK. }
IVANHOE, 2 vols.	WOODSTOCK, 2 vols.
THE MONASTERY, 2 vols.	THE FAIR MAID OF PERTH, 2 vols.
THE ABBOT, 2 vols.	ANNE OF GEIERSTEIN, 2 vols.
KENILWORTH, 2 vols.	COUNT ROBERT OF PARIS, 2 vols.
THE PIRATE, 2 vols.	THE SURGEON'S DAUGHTER, }
THE FORTUNES OF NIGEL, 2 vols.	CASTLE DANGEROUS, }
PEVERIL OF THE PEAK, 2 vols.	INDEX AND GLOSSARY. }
QUENTIN DURWARD, 2 vols.	

## Thomas De Quincey.

- CONFESSIONS OF AN ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER, AND SUSPIRIA DE PROFUNDIS. With Portrait. 75 cents.  
 BIOGRAPHICAL ESSAYS. 75 cents.  
 MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS. 75 cents.  
 THE CÆSARS. 75 cents.  
 LITERARY REMINISCENCES. 2 vols. \$1.50.  
 NARRATIVE AND MISCELLANEOUS PAPERS. 2 vols. \$1.50  
 ESSAYS ON THE POETS, &c. 1 vol. 16mo. 75 cents.  
 HISTORICAL AND CRITICAL ESSAYS. 2 vols. \$1.50.  
 AUTOBIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES. 1 vol. 75 cents.  
 ESSAYS ON PHILOSOPHICAL WRITERS, &c. 2 vols. 16mo.  
 \$1.50.  
 LETTERS TO A YOUNG MAN, and other Papers. 1 vol.  
 75 cents.  
 THEOLOGICAL ESSAYS AND OTHER PAPERS. 2 vols.  
 \$1.50.  
 THE NOTE BOOK. 1 vol. 75 cents.  
 MEMORIALS AND OTHER PAPERS. 2 vols. 16mo. \$1.50.  
 THE AVENGER AND OTHER PAPERS. 1 vol. 75 cents.  
 LOGIC OF POLITICAL ECONOMY, and other Papers. (In  
 Press.)

## Alfred Tennyson.

- POETICAL WORKS. With Portrait. 2 vols. Cloth. \$2.00.  
 POCKET EDITION OF POEMS COMPLETE. 75 cents.  
 THE PRINCESS. Cloth. 50 cents.  
 IN MEMORIAM. Cloth. 75 cents.  
 MAUD, AND OTHER POEMS. Cloth. 50 cents.  
 THE TRUE AND THE FALSE: FOUR IDYLLS OF THE  
 KING. A new volume. Cloth. 75 cents.

## Oliver Wendell Holmes.

- POEMS. With fine Portrait. Boards. \$1.00. Cloth. \$1.12.  
 ASTRÆA. Fancy paper. 25 cents.

## Henry W. Longfellow.

POETICAL WORKS. In two volumes. 16mo. Boards. \$2.00.

POCKET EDITION OF POETICAL WORKS. In two volumes. \$1.75.

POCKET EDITION OF PROSE WORKS COMPLETE. In two volumes. \$1.75.

THE SONG OF HIAWATHA. \$1.00.

EVANGELINE: A TALE OF ACADIE. 75 cents.

THE GOLDEN LEGEND. A POEM. \$1.00.

HYPERION. A ROMANCE. \$1.00.

OUTRE-MER. A PILGRIMAGE. \$1.00.

KAVANAGH. A TALE. 75 cents.

THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH. 1 vol. 16mo. 75 cents.

Illustrated editions of EVANGELINE. POEMS, HYPERION, THE GOLDEN LEGEND, and MILES STANDISH.

## Charles Reade.

PEG WOFFINGTON. A NOVEL. 75 cents.

CHRISTIE JOHNSTONE. A NOVEL. 75 cents.

CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE. A NOVEL. 75 cents.

'NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND.' 2 vols. \$1.50.

WHITE LIES. A NOVEL. 1 vol. \$1.25.

PROPRIA QUÆ MARIBUS and THE BOX TUNNEL. 25 cts.

## William Howitt.

LAND, LABOR, AND GOLD. 2 vols. \$2.00.

A BOY'S ADVENTURES IN AUSTRALIA. 75 cents.

## James Russell Lowell.

COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS. In Blue and Gold. 2 vols. \$1.50.

POETICAL WORKS. 2 vols. 16mo. Cloth. \$1.50

SIR LAUNFAL. New Edition. 25 cents.

A FABLE FOR CRITICS. New Edition. 50 cents.

THE BIGLOW PAPERS. A New Edition. 63 cents.

## Nathaniel Hawthorne.

TWICE-TOLD TALES. Two volumes. \$1.50.

THE SCARLET LETTER. 75 cents.

THE HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABLES. \$1.00.

THE SNOW IMAGE, AND OTHER TALES. 75 cents.

THE BLITHEDALE ROMANCE. 75 cents.

MOSES FROM AN OLD MANSE. 2 vols. \$1.50.

TRUE STORIES FROM HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY. With  
four fine Engravings. 75 cents.

A WONDER-BOOK FOR GIRLS AND BOYS. With seven  
fine Engravings. 75 cents.

TANGLEWOOD TALES. Another "Wonder-Book." With  
Engravings. 88 cents.

## Barry Cornwall.

ENGLISH SONGS AND OTHER SMALL POEMS. \$1.00.

DRAMATIC POEMS. Just published. \$1.00.

ESSAYS AND TALES IN PROSE. 2 vols. \$1.50.

## Charles Kingsley.

TWO YEARS AGO. A New Novel. \$1.25.

AMYAS LEIGH. A Novel \$1.25.

GLAUCUS; OR, THE WONDERS OF THE SHORE. 50 cts.

POETICAL WORKS. 75 cents.

THE HEROES; OR, GREEK FAIRY TALES. 75 cents.

ANDROMEDA AND OTHER POEMS. 50 cents.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH AND HIS TIME, &c. \$1.25.

## Coventry Patmore.

THE ANGEL IN THE HOUSE. BETROTHAL.

" " " " ESPOUSALS. 75 cts. each.

## Charles Sumner.

ORATIONS AND SPEECHES. 2 vols. \$2.50.

RECENT SPEECHES AND ADDRESSES. \$1.25.

John G. Whittier.

POCKET EDITION OF POETICAL WORKS. 2 vols. \$1.50.

OLD PORTRAITS AND MODERN SKETCHES. 75 cents.

MARGARET SMITH'S JOURNAL. 75 cents.

SONGS OF LABOR, AND OTHER POEMS. Boards. 50 cts.

THE CHAPEL OF THE HERMITS. Cloth. 50 cents.

LITERARY RECREATIONS, &c. Cloth. \$1.00.

THE PANORAMA, AND OTHER POEMS. Cloth. 50 cents.

Alexander Smith.

A LIFE DRAMA. 1 vol. 16mo. 50 cents.

CITY POEMS. With Portrait. 1 vol. 16mo. 63 cents.

Bayard Taylor.

POEMS OF HOME AND TRAVEL. Cloth. 75 cents.

POEMS OF THE ORIENT. Cloth. 75 cents.

Edwin P. Whipple.

ESSAYS AND REVIEWS. 2 vols. \$2.00.

LECTURES ON LITERATURE AND LIFE. 63 cents.

WASHINGTON AND THE REVOLUTION. 20 cents.

George S. Hillard.

SIX MONTHS IN ITALY. 1 vol. 16mo. \$1.50.

DANGERS AND DUTIES OF THE MERCANTILE PROFESSION. 25 cents.

SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR. 1 vol. 16mo. 75 cents.

Robert Browning.

POETICAL WORKS. 2 vols. \$2.00.

MEN AND WOMEN. 1 vol. \$1.00.

### Henry Giles.

- LECTURES, ESSAYS, &c. 2 vols. \$1.50.  
 DISCOURSES ON LIFE. 75 cents.  
 ILLUSTRATIONS OF GENIUS. Cloth. \$1.00.

### William Motherwell.

- COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS. In Blue and Gold. 1 vol.  
 75 cents.  
 MINSTRELSY, ANC. AND MOD. 2 vols. Boards. \$1.50.

### Capt. Mayne Reid.

- THE PLANT HUNTERS. With Plates. 75 cents.  
 THE DESERT HOME: OR, THE ADVENTURES OF A LOST  
 FAMILY IN THE WILDERNESS. With fine Plates. \$1.00.  
 THE BOY HUNTERS. With fine Plates. 75 cents.  
 THE YOUNG VOYAGEURS: OR, THE BOY HUNTERS IN  
 THE NORTH. With Plates. 75 cents.  
 THE FOREST EXILES. With fine Plates. 75 cents.  
 THE BUSH BOYS. With fine Plates. 75 cents.  
 THE YOUNG YAGERS. With fine Plates. 75 cents.  
 RAN AWAY TO SEA: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY FOR BOYS.  
 With fine Plates. 75 cents.  
 THE BOY TAR: A VOYAGE IN THE DARK. A New  
 Book. (In Press.)

### Goethe.

- WILHELM MEISTER. Translated by *Carlyle*. 2 vols.  
 \$2.50.  
 FAUST. Translated by *Hayward*. 75 cents.  
 FAUST. Translated by *Charles T. Brooks*. \$1.00.  
 CORRESPONDENCE WITH A CHILD. *Bettini*. (In Press.)

### Rev. Charles Lowell.

- PRACTICAL SERMONS. 1 vol. 12mo. \$1.25.  
 OCCASIONAL SERMONS. With fine Portrait. \$1.25.



Rev. F. W. Robertson.

- SERMONS. First Series. \$1.00.  
 " Second " \$1.00.  
 " Third " \$1.00.  
 " Fourth " \$1.00. (In Press.)  
 LECTURES AND ADDRESSES ON LITERARY AND SOCIAL  
 TOPICS. \$1.00.

R. H. Stoddard.

- POEMS. Cloth. 63 cents.  
 ADVENTURES IN FAIRY LAND. 75 cents.  
 SONGS OF SUMMER. 75 cents.

George Lunt.

- LYRIC POEMS, &c. Cloth. 63 cents.  
 JULIA. A Poem. 50 cents.  
 THREE ERAS OF NEW ENGLAND. \$1.00.

Philip James Bailey.

- THE MYSTIC, AND OTHER POEMS. 50 cents.  
 THE ANGEL WORLD, &c. 50 cents.  
 THE AGE, A SATIRE. 75 cents.

Anna Mary Howitt.

- AN ART STUDENT IN MUNICH. \$1.25.  
 A SCHOOL OF LIFE. A Story. 75 cents.

Mary Russell Mitford.

- OUR VILLAGE. Illustrated. 2 vols. 16mo. \$2.50.  
 ATHERTON, AND OTHER STORIES. 1 vol. 16mo. \$1.25.

Josiah Phillips Quincy.

- LYTERIA: A DRAMATIC POEM. 50 cents.  
 CHARICLES: A DRAMATIC POEM. 50 cents.

## Grace Greenwood.

- GREENWOOD LEAVES. 1st & 2d Series. \$1.25 each.  
 POETICAL WORKS. With fine Portrait. 75 cents.  
 HISTORY OF MY PETS. With six fine Engravings. Scarlet cloth. 50 cents.  
 RECOLLECTIONS OF MY CHILDHOOD. With six fine Engravings. Scarlet cloth. 50 cents.  
 HAPS AND MISHAPS OF A TOUR IN EUROPE. \$1.25.  
 MERRIE ENGLAND. A new Juvenile. 75 cents.  
 A FOREST TRAGEDY, AND OTHER TALES. \$1.00.  
 STORIES AND LEGENDS. A new Juvenile. 75 cents.

## Mrs. Crosland.

- LYDIA: A WOMAN'S BOOK. Cloth. 75 cents.  
 ENGLISH TALES AND SKETCHES. Cloth. \$1.00.  
 MEMORABLE WOMEN. Illustrated. \$1.00.

## Mrs. Jameson.

- |                           |                |           |
|---------------------------|----------------|-----------|
| CHARACTERISTICS OF WOMEN. | Blue and Gold. | 75 cents. |
| LOVES OF THE POETS.       | " "            | 75 cents. |
| DIARY OF AN ENNUYÉE       | " "            | 75 cents. |
| SKETCHES OF ART, &c.      | " "            | 75 cents. |
| STUDIES AND STORIES.      | " "            | 75 cents. |
| ITALIAN PAINTERS.         | " "            | 75 cents. |

## Mrs. Mowatt.

- AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN ACTRESS. \$1.25.  
 PLAYS. ARMAND AND FASHION. 50 cents.  
 MIMIC LIFE. 1 vol. \$1.25.  
 THE TWIN ROSES. 1 vol. 75 cents.

## Mrs. Howe.

- PASSION FLOWERS. 75 cents.  
 WORDS FOR THE HOUR. 75 cents.  
 THE WORLD'S OWN. 50 cents.

Alice Cary.

POEMS. 1 vol. 16mo. \$1.00.

CLOVERNOOK CHILDREN. With Plates. 75 cents.

Mrs. Eliza B. Lee.

MEMOIR OF THE BUCKMINSTERS. \$1.25.

FLORENCE, THE PARISH ORPHAN. 50 cents.

PARTHENIA. 1 vol. 16mo. \$1.00.

Samuel Smiles.

LIFE OF GEORGE STEPHENSON: ENGINEER. \$1.00.

Blanchard Jerrold.

DOUGLAS JERROLD'S WIT. 75 cents.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF DOUGLAS JERROLD. \$1.00.

Mrs. Judson.

ALDERBROOK. By *Fanny Forrester*. 2 vols. \$1.75.

THE KATHAYAN SLAVE, AND OTHER PAPERS. 1 vol.  
63 cents.

MY TWO SISTERS: A SKETCH FROM MEMORY. 50 cents.

Trelawny.

RECOLLECTIONS OF SHELLEY AND BYRON. 75 cents.

Charles Sprague.

POETICAL AND PROSE WRITINGS. With fine Portrait.  
Boards. 75 cents.

Mrs. Lawrence.

LIGHT ON THE DARK RIVER: OR MEMOIRS OF MRS.  
HAMLIN. 1 vol. 16mo. Cloth. \$1.00.

G. A. Sala.

A JOURNEY DUE NORTH. \$1.00.

Thomas W. Parsons.

POEMS. \$1.00.

John G. Saxe.

POEMS. With Portrait. Boards. 63 cents. Cloth. 75 cents.

THE MONEY KING, AND OTHER POEMS. (In Press.)

Charles T. Brooks.

GERMAN LYRICS. Translated. 1 vol. 16mo. Cloth. \$1.00.

Samuel Bailey.

ESSAYS ON THE FORMATION OF OPINIONS AND THE  
PURSUIT OF TRUTH. 1 vol. 16mo. \$1.00.

Tom Brown.

SCHOOL DAYS AT RUGBY. By *An Old Boy*. 1 vol. 16mo.  
\$1.00.

THE SCOURING OF THE WHITE HORSE, OR THE LONG  
VACATION HOLIDAY OF A LONDON CLERK. By *The Author*  
of '*School Days at Rugby*.' 1 vol. 16mo. \$1.00.

Leigh Hunt.

POEMS. Blue and Gold. 2 vols. \$1.50.

Gerald Massey.

POETICAL WORKS. Blue and Gold. 75 cents.

C. W. Upham.

JOHN C. FREMONT'S LIFE, EXPLORATIONS, &c. With Il-  
lustrations. 75 cents.

W. M. Thackeray.

BALLADS. 1 vol. 16mo. 75 cents.

Charles Mackay.

POEMS. 1 vol. Cloth. \$1.00.

Henry Alford.

POEMS. \$1.25.

Richard Monckton Milnes.

POEMS OF MANY YEARS. Boards. 75 cents.

George H. Boker.

PLAYS AND POEMS. 2 vols. \$2.00.

Matthew Arnold.

POEMS. 75 cents.

W. Edmondstone Aytoun.

BOTHWELL. 75 cents.

Mrs. Rosa V. Johnson.

POEMS. 1 vol. 16mo. \$1.00.

Henry T. Tuckerman.

POEMS. Cloth. 75 cents.

William Mountford.

THORPE: A QUIET ENGLISH TOWN, AND HUMAN LIFE  
THEREIN. 16mo. \$1.00.

James G. Percival.

POETICAL WORKS. 2 vols. Blue and Gold. \$1.75.

John Bowring.

MATINS AND VESPERS. Blue and Gold. 75 cents.

Yriarte.

FABLES. Translated by *G. H. Devereux*. 63 cents.

Phœbe Cary.

POEMS AND PARODIES. 75 cents.

Paul H. Hayne.

POEMS. 1 vol. 16mo. 63 cents.

Mrs. A. C. Lowell.

SEED-GRAIN FOR THOUGHT AND DISCUSSION. 2 vols.  
\$1.75.

EDUCATION OF GIRLS. 25 cents.

G. H. Lewes.

THE LIFE AND WORKS OF GOETHE. 2 vols. 16mo. \$2.50.

Lieut. Arnold.

OAKFIELD. A Novel. \$1.00.

Henry D. Thoreau.

WALDEN: OR, LIFE IN THE WOODS. 1 vol. 16mo. \$1.00.

Washington Allston.

MONALDI, A TALE. 1 vol. 16mo. 75 cents.

Professor E. T. Channing.

LECTURES ON ORATORY AND RHETORIC. 75 cents.

Dr. Walter Channing.

A PHYSICIAN'S VACATION. \$1.50.

Mrs. Horace Mann.

A PHYSIOLOGICAL COOKERY BOOK. 63 cents.

Arthur P. Stanley.

LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF DR. ARNOLD. (In Press.)

Christopher Wordsworth.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH'S BIOGRAPHY. 2 vols. \$2.50.

Henry Taylor.

NOTES FROM LIFE. By the Author of "Philip Van Artevelde." 1 vol. 16mo. Cloth. 63 cents.

Hufeland.

ART OF PROLONGING LIFE. Edited by Erasmus Wilson, 1 vol. 16mo. 75 cents.

Henry Kingsley.

RECOLLECTIONS OF GEOFFRY HAMLYN. A Novel. \$1.25.

Dr. John C. Warren.

THE PRESERVATION OF HEALTH, &c. 1 vol. 38 cents.

James Prior.

LIFE OF EDMUND BURKE. 2 vols. \$2.00.

Joseph T. Buckingham.

PERSONAL MEMOIRS AND RECOLLECTIONS OF EDITORIAL LIFE. With Portrait. 2 vols. 16mo. \$1.50.

Bayle St. John.

VILLAGE LIFE IN EGYPT. By the Author of "Purple  
Tints of Paris." 2 vols. 16mo. \$1.25.

Edmund Quincy.

WENSLEY: A STORY WITHOUT A MORAL. 75 cents.

Henry Morley.

PALISSY THE POTTER. By the Author of "How to make  
Home Unhealthy." 2 vols. 16mo. \$1.50.

Goldsmith.

THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD. Illustrated Edition. \$3.00.

C. A. Bartol.

CHURCH AND CONGREGATION. \$1.00.

Mrs. H. G. Otis.

THE BARCLAYS OF BOSTON. 1 vol. 12mo. \$1.25.

Horace Mann.

THOUGHTS FOR A YOUNG MAN. 25 cents.

Addison.

SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY. From the "Spectator."  
75 cents.

F. W. P. Greenwood.

SERMONS OF CONSOLATION. \$1.00.

S. T. Wallis.

SPAIN, HER INSTITUTIONS, POLITICS, AND PUBLIC MEN.  
\$1.00.



Theophilus Parsons.

A MEMOIR OF CHIEF JUSTICE THEOPHILUS PARSONS,  
WITH NOTICES OF SOME OF HIS CONTEMPORARIES. By his  
Son. With Portrait. 1 vol. 12mo. \$1.50.

Dr. William E. Coale.

HINTS ON HEALTH. 3d Edition. 63 cents.

Lady Shelley.

SHELLEY MEMORIALS. From Authentic Sources. 1 vol.  
Cloth. 75 cents.

Lord Dufferin.

A YACHT VOYAGE OF 6,000 MILES. \$1.00.

Fanny Kemble.

POEMS. Enlarged Edition. \$1.00.

Owen Meredith.

POETICAL WORKS. Blue and Gold. 75 cents.

Arago.

BIOGRAPHIES OF DISTINGUISHED SCIENTIFIC MEN.  
16mo. 2 vols. \$2.00.

William Smith.

THORNDALE, OR THE CONFLICT OF OPINIONS. \$1.25.

R. H. Dana, Jr.

TO CUBA AND BACK, a Vacation Voyage, by the Author of  
"Two Years before the Mast." 75 cents.

---

- THE LIFE AND TIMES OF SIR PHILIP SIDNEY. 1 vol.  
16mo. \$1.00.
- ERNEST CARROLL, OR ARTIST LIFE IN ITALY. 1 vol.  
16mo. 88 cents.
- CHRISTMAS HOURS. By the Author of "The Homeward  
Path," &c. 1 vol. 16mo. 50 cents.
- MEMORY AND HOPE. Cloth. \$2.00.
- THALATTA; A BOOK FOR THE SEASIDE. 75 cents.
- REJECTED ADDRESSES. A new edition. Cloth. 75 cents.
- WARRENIANA; A COMPANION TO REJECTED AD-  
DRESSES. 63 cents.
- ANGEL VOICES. 38 cents.
- THE BOSTON BOOK. \$1.25.
- MEMOIR OF ROBERT WHEATON. 1 vol. \$1.00.
- LABOR AND LOVE: A TALE OF ENGLISH LIFE. 50 cts.
- THE SOLITARY OF JUAN FERNANDEZ. By the Author  
of Picciola. 50 cents.

### In Blue and Gold.

- LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS. 2 vols. \$1.75.  
do. PROSE WORKS. 2 vols. \$1.75.
- TENNYSON'S POETICAL WORKS. 1 vol. 75 cents.
- WHITTIER'S POETICAL WORKS. 2 vols. \$1.50.
- LEIGH HUNT'S POETICAL WORKS. 2 vols. \$1.50.
- GERALD MASSEY'S POETICAL WORKS. 1 vol. 75 cents.
- MRS. JAMESON'S CHARACTERISTICS OF WOMEN. 75 cts.  
do. DIARY OF AN ENNUYÉE 1 vol. 75 cts.  
do. LOVES OF THE POETS. 1 vol. 75 cts.  
do. SKETCHES OF ART, &c. 1 vol. 75 cts.  
do. STUDIES AND STORIES. 1 vol. 75 cts.  
do. ITALIAN PAINTERS. 1 vol. 75 cents.
- OWEN MEREDITH'S POEMS. 1 vol. 75 cents.
- BOWRING'S MATINS AND VESPERS. 1 vol. 75 cents.
- LOWELL'S (J. RUSSELL) POETICAL WORKS. 2 vols. \$1.50
- PERCIVAL'S POETICAL WORKS. 2 vols. \$1.75.
- MOTHERWELL'S POEMS. 1 vol. 75 cents.











